

1864
76-20
MILITARY
— AND OTHER
POEMS

UPON
Several Occasions,
And to SEVERAL
PERSONS.

By an OFFICER of the Army.

*Molli paullatim flavescet Campus, Arisca
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus Uva
Et dura Quercus, sudabunt roscida Mella.
Virg.*

L O N D O N :

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21110

STEVENS

ADD TO SERIAL



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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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POEMS, &c.

T O KING WILLIAM,

On the coming over of Count
Tallard, and Count *Wratislaw*.

AS *Greece* and *Troy* of old to Heaven address
Themselves by Turns, and as *Jove* smil'd
were blest ;

So *France* and *Germany* to *England* send
To see which Side her Thunderer will befriend ;
But here the God must to the Hero yield,
Jove staid on *Idle*, but *Nassau* takes the Field,

2 *Military Poems, &c.*

*On His Majesty's Happy Accession
to the Throne.*

Sweet as short Slumbers to a troubl'd Mind,
Long tost with Cares, and now to Rest in-
clin'd,

Has been the little Requiem of thy Reign
To wretched *Britains* poor distemper'd Brain:
By Fits and Starts we wake, but when the Fright
Is o'er again we close our wearied Sight,
Hoping that the blest Hand that gave us Ease
Will hinder a Return of the Disease.

Our Kings of late as if the Father swore
The Son to plague us to his utmost Power,
Out-doing each his Predecessors Hate,
Instead of Ruling have destroy'd the State;
But when the last usurp'd the Royal Throne,
Justly exeluded for Religion;
As much He did their Crimes surpass and more,
Than they the worst of theirs that went before.
No

Military Poems, &c.

3

No Arts, no Tricks, that Malice could devise,
Or Priests invent to try to Sacrifice;
Our Lives, Religion, Laws and Liberties,
But what He set on Foot, nay more he thought
Himself how our Destruction may be wrought,
Borrow'd some Hours from Luxury and Ease
To add unto the Nations Grievances;
So opposite to all that look'd like Good;
So prone to Vengeance, and ally'd to Blood;
That all the little Comfort that surviv'd
Was that our Woes were to a Height arriv'd:
The Hag of Synaruse, who us'd to pray,
When others damn'd the haughty Tyrants Sway,
Lest when He died, a greater Plague than He
Should be advanc'd to the Supremacy;
Had She been here might with her Country curse,
Than *James* Heaven could not have ordain'd a
worse.

B 2

But

But as when Vice is to the highest grown,
Virtue succeeds and reassumes her Throne ;
So you by your Accession to the Sway
Of these Three Kingdoms bring again that Day,
Which since her Death, whose Fame shall ne-
ver die,

Has been o'ercast with a dark frowning Skie ;
And by one Act, reliev'd this Nation more
Than all their Malice could depress before :
So the blest *Egypt's* River, when She spreads
Her liquid Bosom o'er the Neighb'ring Meads,
What a long scorching Sun had strove to drain,
She renders fruitful by her Waves again.

Born of a Race, who in all Ages stood
The only Champions of the Publick Good ;
And bred where no such Thing as wrong is known,
But each Man freely may enjoy his own.
What may not we expect if under thy
Command, we once more English Valour try,

And

And our old Claims renew again, we may
 Visit those Realms, where our Forefathers lay
 Many a long Night, and bore the Regal Sway:
 But e'er we to a foreign War advance
 Our Arms, or think but of regaining *France*,
 A nearer Nation claims thy pious Aid,
 To free her from the same impending Dread,
 Which late o'er *England* hung, but *England* grows
 Unmindful of her Neighb'ring Sisters Woes;
 Now She her self is free, Poor *Ireland*
 Stands trembling underneath a Tyrants Hand;
 Waiting each Moment for the fatal Word,
 Till rescu'd from it by her Lawful Lord,

Now what Return for all these Kindnesses,
 For flighting of the Dangers of the Seas,
 And leaving thy own Country to restore
 Freedom to those whose Lives were given o'er;
 A Crown thou hast, but that's a small Reward,
 If with the Merit of thy Deeds compar'd,

Or with our Dangers weigh'd, may She who
shares

Not only in thy Pleasures, but thy Cares;

And by dividing the Imperial Weight

Renders the Burthen of a Crown more light,

By Heavens Divine Permission bear to thee

A numerous and a happy Progeny,

Who may the Scepter of these Nations sway,

Till they and Monarchy at once decay ;

So Beggars when some charitable Hand

Throws more than even their Exigency can

At worst require, amaz'd at what they have

With Heaven, and all it's Joys to him that gave,

To the King

On His Armies passing the Boyne.

When *Marius* Army macinied for Drink,
The Foe between them, and the Ri-
vers Brink, There

There pointing to the rouling of the Tide,
If ye dare go and fetch it, 'tis He cried,
With Shame and Anger both enrag'd they run,
And to allay their Dröuth a Battle won;
On t'other Side had the Imprudent Gaul
But pitch'd his Tents, they had not mov'd at all;
Thy Foes to come at we attack the Stream,
They long'd for Water, and we thirst for Fame.

On the Corruption of his Officers.

Great Sir, whom Justice can make greater far,
Than all the gilded Titles of the War;
Suffer not those who hazard under thee
All they hold dear to set their Country free,
To be the only Slaves to Tyranny;
In every Regiment a Monster reigns,
Who on our Ruin, builds his private Gains,
And governs with a more despotick Sway,
Than ever Nero or Caligula;

Military Poems, &c.

Augeas Stables to your Arms for Vice
And fordid Lucre were a Paradise :
Cleanse but this Filth, and *Hercules* will be
A Child in Story, when compar'd with thee,
Punish the Villain, as thou hast the Slave,
Protect the Injur'd, and reward the Brave,
Thou shalt like him on some old Mountain lie,
But when wo Earth, the dismal Hour draws nigh,
We'll bear thee on our Shoulders to the Sky.

To the Lord Cutts, On his Poem upon Wisdom.

That Youth's unhappy Fate and mine are
one,
Who striving to approach too near the Sun,
Melted close Wings, which might have safely
bore
His drowning Body to the neighb'ring Shore;
Had

Military Poems, &c. 9

Had not He flown too high, so I might raise
The Fame of some Pretender to the Bays;
But whilst I strive thy Praises to rehearse,
I fall amaz'd at thy surprizing Verse;
For few were ever known so strong to fly
Through all the Airy Regions of the Sky,
And reach the utmost Height, 'tis only you
Who can with Ease such lofty Themes pursue.
Orpheus 'tis said, once sung so sweet that He
Ransom'd his Captive Wife from Destiny,
And on Conditions gain'd her Liberty;

Hadst thou but gone to the *Elizian* Shade,
The God of Hell had no Proposals made;
Charm'd with the Tuneful Numbers of thy
Song,

The Grove it self had follow'd in the Throng.
But O thy Theme's divine! if that could do,
I should in stately Numbers equal you;
For to all those that know thy Worth, thy Fame,
Is as divine and sacred as thy Theme:

But

But as of old when Deities on Earth
 Coupl'd with Mortals the Terrestrial Birth,
 Was Mortal too, but if both Parents were
 Free from those grosser Elements we share
 The Product was a God; so shall thy Wit
 Beheld Immortal as the sacred Writ;
 Whilst what I write may like the Parent Clay
 Last for a while, then moulder and decay;
 If ought to future Ages be transfer'd,
 'Tis this that's sung on so divine a Bard.

On his being made Major General.

When Bravery alone without the Aid
 Of Letters, first begins the Martial
 Trade,
 From Bough to Bough, the callow Hero flies,
 And dare not trust his Fortune to the Skies;
 Poorly

Military Poems, &c. 11

poorly content to wait, till Honours fall,
No Time nor Conduct makes the General;
But when in one great Soul like yours they vie,
Which shall produce the greatest Prodigy,
When Art and Nature lavishly combine,
And spare no Pains to form the Work Divine;
Scorning those dull Degrees, they soar o'er all,
And the first Flight, produce a General;
So when the Roman Eagles fled for Fear,
And no Man dar'd to undertake the War;
When not to Fight, was held the safest Way,
And all their Hopes consisted in Delay;
A Noble Youth, with Wit and Courage blest,
Advanc'd the Shame and Envy of the rest,
Offering to lead the War even to their Home,
Who lately brought it to the Gates of Rome:
The Mighty *Scipio* whose Immortal Name
Till yours stood matchless in the Books of Fame;
For tho' we grant that some few since have done,
Deeds as Renown'd, as bloody Battels won,
Yet

12 *Military Poems, &c.*

Yet still the Justice, Prudence, Temperance,
That does the Fame of both your Acts enhance
Were wanting to adorn the Lives of those
Whom Interest or Ambition did compose ;
Nay tho' we some as Virtuous too allow,
The Poet never met the Brave till now.

Then what remains my Lord, but that you
still
Proceed, and when like him for Martial Skill
You have shewn the World the Wonder of
your Age,
Like him retire, and reform the Stage.

On his Encouragement of Learning.

WELL might Wit flourish in the Monarch's
Reign,
Who did not only in his Courts ordain
A Wise *Mecenas* to encourage all
Whom He the Muses Sons could justly call. Bu

But writ Himself to let his *Romans* know
The Brave delighted in *Apollo's* Bow,
As well as *Mars's* Spear, and that in vain
The Hero fought, if some Illustrious Pen,
Such as of old made *Forests* Dance to hear,
And Rocks pursue the Heavenly Ravisher
Where-e'er He led, did not to after Times
Convey their Deeds in their Immortal Rhimes,
But in the Camp, where one would think no
Muse
Would the dear Seat of her *Parthenon* choose,
He his *Agrippa* had, that Men might see
Wit in no Clime, should from his Care be free.

What *Rome* could under her *Augustus's* boast
In *Nassau's* Reign is upon *England* lost,
Since with a wiser President Renown'd,
And Nobler Aids, no Man can be found
In stately Numbers, to dilate their Praise,
Who took such Pains to consecrate his Bays.

Dorset

14 Military Poems, &c.

Dorset at Court so far surpasses all,
Whom our Forefathers did *Mecenas* call,
In Gratitude to their first Patrons Fame,
That wise Posterity shall change the same,
And after Dorset, all such Dorsets name.
So far surpasses He all that went before,
Whom *Moses* like our Parents did adore,
Because they knew no better nor no more:
That not the Airy and sublime alone
Meet with a kind Reception from the Throne
But even the Scum, and Refuge of the Age,
The Beggars of the Press, and Murderers
the Stage;
So careful is He to relieve whate'er
Does but the Title of a Poet bear,
That even they too find a Being there.

How well my Lord, you play *Agrippa's* Part,
And would encourage could you meet Desart

Military Poems, &c.

15

The Favours you from Time have shewn
To one, unworthy of the Name of one,
To all but harden'd Infidels does shew,
What for a Nobler Genius you would do,
On Two such Poles, and rais'd by such a God
From the Beginning had Wits Empire stood,
To what a Heighth by this Time had She rose,
Who in her Notage met such barbarous Foes,
When Beasts by Edicts did her Fall decree,
And doom'd to Flames her Noblest Votary,
When a lewd Slave to indulge a Whore her Suit,
A Mighty Prince to please a Prostitute,
Cut off a Grand Professors Head, and nail'd
That Tongue, that never its wise Owner fail'd.
In these licentious Times had *Nassau* reign'd,
Dorset and *Cutts*, the Weight of Power sustain'd,
Smiling at the *Egyptian's* Cully's Bands,
Great *Tully's* Tongue had sav'd his Head and
Hands;

Lucan

Lucan and *Seneca* resign'd their Breath,
 Not made a Monster famous by their Death,
 But all Mankind instructed by your Rules,
 Been charm'd with Sense, and not thus plagu'd
 with Fools.

An Apology for writing to him in Verse

THat I alone my Lord, whilst others scarce
 On Prose dare venture, write to you
 in Verse ;

And chuse this Habit to appear before
 So great a Wit, so fine an Orator ;
 You'll pardon me, I hope, since what I do
 Is but an Antient Custom to renew ;
 To Oracles of Old, in Verse Mankind,
 When e'er the Gods or Fortune prov'd unkind :
 Trembling with Fear address'd themselves to know
 The End of all their Miseries and Woe,

Military Poems, &c.

87

By Savage Ignorance oppress'd I fly
To you my Lord, to know my Destiny;
Whate'er's my Doom, I'll without Trembling
hear,
Who writes to you's incapable of Fear.

*Coming into Company, where they
were railing against his Lord-
ship about the Business of Colonel
Hope.*

Give me the Shell, I'll damp him with a
Spot,

Let Cutts henceforth in *Flanders* be forgot;
For how dare He when all Men else betray,
And sell their Country, for his Country Pay;
He gives to turn Slaves out, unheard of Sin;
When all but he takes for to bring Slaves in.

18 *Military Poems, &c.*

*To England,
On Queen Mary.*

Vith *Venus, Juno* and *Minerva* strove,
For what was given to the Queen
of Love;

Brib'd with the Promise of a beauteous Dame,
The amorous Judge forgot both Power and Fame.
Here no contending Goddesses presume
In Competition with thy Queen to come,
Or if they should, what could their Presents do
Against the Mighty Power that can bestow,
The Crowns of Empire Wit and Beauty too.
Had *Priam's* Son, but thus dispos'd his Prize,
Troy ne'er had fallen a *Gracian* Sacrifice,
Divided Heaven, had then united been,
And with one Voice, proclaim'd her Beauties
Queen.

Lucretius

Lucretius to Epicurus,

On her Death.

ALL Things their Order keep; the joy-
ful Sun
As gay as e'er does his Old Circle run;
The Moon and Stars retain their former Light;
And do the usual Office of the Night:
No Change in Nature known? let fictitious Greece
Be fam'd no more for her audacious Lies,
But when compar'd with thee false Rome ap-
pear
As spotless as her blew ey'd Virgins were.
Ye Vain Historians of that darker Age,
Who make Ten Thousand Prodigies presage
Your *Cesar's* Fall, and call the enlighten'd Skies
To witness and confirm your horrid Lies;
Now see your long applauded Tales disprov'd,
For could the Gods by human Acts be mov'd,

20 *Military Poems, &c.*

They would not warn us of a Tyrants Fall,
 And let the common Parent of us all
 Go unreguarded down ; then wake thou Great
 And Learn'd Assertor of a free Estate.
 Thou Pride of *Athens* from the Dead arise,
 And ask those endless Teazers of the Skies,
 Those whining Fools, that waste their Lives
 in Prayer,
 And fondly think the Powers above take Care
 Of Things below, if ought beneath the Moon
 Those Powers regard, why *Mary* died so soon;
 Why *Kate* and the *Italian* live to be
 Plagues to this beauteous Frame of theirs, and
 She ;
 The Mighty She on whom it seems to lean,
 And without whom even Natures self in vain,
 Tries her old Tow'ring Fabrick to sustain :
 The lovely She, thus like a Winters Sun
 Should lose her Ligh te'er half her Race was
 run.

On the Death of his Royal Highness
the Duke of Gloucester.

TO Sixty Years, the Tyrant who has sent
More to the Gallies, Grave, and Banish-
ment,

Than all the Brutes Antiquity can boast,
Tho' our last *Harry* too should joyn their Host ;
Is safe arriv'd, and in the midst of Peace,
When all that looks like hostile, ought to cease ;
Dragoons it on, more impious than before,
And 's likely so to Rage, till Sixty more,

Recover'd to the Prejudice of all

Great Souls, who rather than live mean would
fall,

And quit the unequal Chances of this Ball ;

A contrary we find, who lives and sees

His Fame and Empire mangl'd by Trustees.

A Third abjures his Maker for a Crown,
And yet successfully to War goes down
Through Fire and Sword th' Apostate make his
Way,

And yet no Sword will the Apostate slay.

But just set out and lo! a Prince in whom
Thy Learning *Athens*, and thy Virtue *Rome*,
Concur to make a Monarch truly Great,
Falls immaturally by the Hand of Fate;
While Orphan Nations hung upon his Breath,
And Empire lay dissolving in his Death.

Ye canting Slaves, who when the Righteous fall
Cry Heaven in Mercy on their Souls does call;
And when the Wicked live to a great Age,
Here the Gods always do not shew their Rage:
So what will happen, ne'er want Reasons why
Men as you'd have them ought to live or die;

Where's

Where's now your promis'd Length of Days, and all
Those Joys that on the upright Soul should fall;
That good old Age, that worthless *Brave* See,
And charming *Glocester* was denied to thee.

Vain Man! the Moment that thou draw'st thy
Breath,

In Heaven that Moment, thou'rt assign'd to Death,
And before which, not all the Powers of Hell,
Nor all the Doctors who on Earth do dwell,
Not Fire, nor Plague, nor Pestilence, nor Sword,
Thy Enemies Malice, nor thy own Accord,
Nor *Bl—res* Verse can send thee to thy Home,
Nor *Garth's* detain thee when thy Hour is come.

But He you'll say, might his *Quinquennium* had,
At first prov'd wond'rous good, and then as bad,
As He who ripp'd the best of Mothers Womb,
Only to see the Place from whence He come,

And others too, too recent still to name,
 Tho' rank'd by some above the Sons of Fame,
 He might 'tis true, but here no Symptoms were
 To make us such an Alteration Fear;
 But on the contrary all Reasons why,
 Great as He liv'd, as Glorious He would die;
 For if from Men of the sublimest Fame,
 And best of Tutors the worst Pupils came:
 If *Socrates*, and *Seneca* could make
 No better than a Monster and a Rake,
 By the same Rule from *Sal—y's* fam'd Pope,
 We might a *Titus* or a *Trajan* hope,
Not but the Virtue can lend thee to thy Home,

*Hearing the Nightingal in the Forest
 of Arden.*

WHee, whee, whee,
 What a wheeing dost thou keep,
 Thou Minion of the Spring,
 All the Winter long you sleep,
 And all the Summer long you sing. Then

Then cease, and leave thy Mournful whee
To such unhappy Rogues as we;
All the Summer long we serve,
When the Winter comes we starve,
Rogues of Collonels sharp our Pay,
To furnish them wherewith to play;
Cheated abroad, at Home despis'd,
And never but in Danger priz'd.

Brutus,

Or the true Patriot.

With a dim Light whilst all supinely lay,
Dissolv'd in Ease, and dreamt the Night
away;

As God-like *Brutus*, who with Cares oppress'd,
For his Poor Country's Sake, could find no Rest.
A hideous Form and of Gigantick Size,
Presents it self to the great Patriots Eyes:

What

26 *Military Poems, &c.*

What art thou God or Man, from whence
whom,

Tell I conjure thee, tell me dost thou come;
I am thy evil Genius it reply'd,
And in *Philippi's* Field, e'er Battle cry'd,
I'll once more see thee *Brutus*: wilt thou? then
I'll meet thee there; He answer'd it again;
For why (now rous'd from Thought) should
says He,

Whom Care alone to set my Country free,
Has waking kept, be troubl'd or afraid
To see a lawless Monsters stalking Shade:
I'll meet thee there, and with thee all thy Race
Of Kindred Tyrants down from *Tarquin's* Day
Even to the Ides of *March*; nay all to come,
Whom Heaven has yet in Store to punish Rome
For banish'd *Brutus* Sake, or farther yet,
And back for Aid to *Sicily* retreat.
There conjure up by Necromantick Spell,
Those whom the great *Timoleon* sent to Hell

Or if thou think'st thy Numbers still too small,
To meet and fight one Virtuous Foe withal;
To you unhappy Western Isle repair,
Where Priest-ridden Kings (the worst of Tyrants
far)
Thicker than Autumn Flies infest the Air,
Where Monarchs do like *Hydras* Heads encrease,
And for one lopt, there's Two supply the Place;
I'll meet ye all, and singly there maintain,
Thou justly for thy Tyranny wert slain:
For were I conscious when I pull'd thee down,
That I had the least Design upon a Crown,
Or that 'twas Envy or Ambition made
Me plot thy Death, as Slaves have falsely said;
Then I confess I might with Reason fear,
And Thou a hideous Spectacle appear;
At every Turn, make me repent the Deed,
And tremble at the Name of Parricide;
But since the Gods (to whom all Hearts are known)
Bear Witness, 'twas no Interest of my own;

Not

28 *Military Poems, &c.*

Nor private Safety; but the publick Good
 That made me dip these Hands in *Cæsars* Blood
 Since for that Cause alone, I did prefer
 To thee my Friend, my Fathers Murtherer;
 A ghastlier Form than that thou wer'st, assume
 And every Night come stalking to my Room,
 Fright Boys and Girls, and by thy Midnight
 Walk
 Find Women Tales, and Chimney Corners Talk
 In *Brutus* Breast thou canst no Sorrow raise,
 But the Remembrance of thy evil Ways.

To some Gentlemen who were complaining of the late Promotion of Officers.

IN *Beller* Days, the Inns still us'd to be
 Of English Heroes stild the Nursery;
 That Royal Dames, and ours both joyn Hands,
 For next the Temple the White Fryars stands.

On a Young Lady, who being surpriz'd in her Shift, took up the Tail to cover her Face.

Happy the Man, who e'er the doleful Sound
Of wilt thou take, his Senses does confound ;

Has Liberty to see the longing Maid,
And need not Monarch like by Proxy wed :
But blest is He, and not of human Kind,
Who when He pleases can Admission find ;
One Moment then is worth an Age of Time,
When with harsh Musick, and the barbarous
Rhime

Of wretched Poetafters, we are led,
Like Slaves in Triumph, to the Nuptial Bed.

'Twas now, about that Season of the Year,
In which Dame Nature does so gay appear,
And the glad Sun draws nearer to the Earth,
To haste those Fruits, to which He first gave
Birth. When

When *Laura*, rising from her downy Bed,
Step'd to the Glass, to view her Morn'ing Head,
Here Curls, that were disorder'd by the Night,
Are by her artful Fingers plac'd aright;
And some that boldly wanton'd o'er her Face,
Turn'd up, and taught to keep their proper Place,
Now to her Patch-box goes, and now she cries
Which Sort of Look does best become her Eyes,
Whether the pleasing Smile, or scornful Frown
The good or evil Genius of the Town,
Shall be that Day put on; but vain is Art
Where Nature has so fully play'd her Part;
A lesser Beauty, like the Moon may get
Advantage by those little Spots of Jet:
Thou like the Sun, the Fountain of our Light
Grow'st dark, when Clouds obscure thee from
our Sight;

But while She does the pleasing Minutes pass
In Contemplation of her Lovely Face.

A Youth

Youth the happiest of that numerous Crowd
Of Slaves, who lately to her Beauty bow'd,
And by her Parents destin'd for to be,
Of all those Joys that Lovers dream of free,
Opens the Chamber Door, the bashful Maid,
Surpriz'd to find her Nakedness betray'd
To human Eyes, confus'd and in amaze,
Whips up her Shift, to hide her blushing Face,
And so runs into Bed; whilst He like one
To whom some Heavenly Apparition shone,
Stands ravish'd with the gaudy Sight, so stood
Eleon, when the Huntress of the Wood
Watching her self He spied, 'till calling back
Life, which was ev'n about for to forsake
His trembling Hold, and gazing on the Fair,
Whom now He knew to be his promis'd Dear,
Around her Neck He throws his longing Arms,
And wantons in the Sun-shine of her Charms.

She

32 *Military Poems, &c.*

She chides, He kisses, and with Looks that shew
Remorse He humbly does a Pardon sue,
For that which wer't to do again He'd do,
Which when obtain'd, for then no Woman
Refuse they say the Criticising Man;
Swifter than Lightning back again He flies,
Trembling his Joynts, and longing in his Eye
Unto her Friends, entreating them that they
Would that the next should be the Marriage
Day.

So when *Columbus* a new World descry'd,
Through all the Regions of the old, He cry'd
Each petty Prince, impatient till He gain'd,
Ships, to transport him to his New-found Land



On his Majesties crossing the Seas
so often.

A Dialogue between a Triton and Europe.

I.

WHY Twice a Year,
Does Neptune steer,
His Chariot cross these Seas;
Speak Europe speak,
For its for thy Sake,
His best lov'd Nereid says.

II.

From the English Shore,
Each Spring come o'er,
The Delight of all human Kind
For my Repose,
He comes, and He goes,
To see who dares trouble thine.

D

III.

34 *Military Poems, &c.*

III.

Tri. When *England's* Monarch puts to Sea,

'Tis *Neptune's* Duty to obey :

Eur. But Oh to pray for him mine.

At Regina gravi, &c.

Translated out of Virgil.

MEan time the Queen, with anxious Cares
opprest,

Sooths the blind God that rages in her Breast :

Much the Mans Courage, much his Country's
Fame,

But oh his Looks to that Degree inflame

Her wounded Heart, that Night nor Day no Rest,

No Thought, can find Admittance to her Breast,

None, but of that dear Lovely Soul her Guest.

Scarce

Scarce had the next Days Sun with his clear
Light,

Checker'd the dull Earth, by banishing the Night;
When raving, thus She to her Sister cries,
Who still with whatsoe'er She says complies;
Sister, what Dreams are these that fright me thus;
What Strangers this, that's come to dwell with us;
How proud He walks, with what a Mien and
Grace,

Sure He's descended from some Heavenly Race;
He is, He is, nor can my Faith be vain;
From Heaven He comes, or from some Heavenly
Strain;

Fear shews degenerate Souls, with what strange Fate
Has He in all his past Adventures met;
What Wars begun and ended has He seen,
And in them all a leading Actor been,
Had I not firmly in my Soul decreed;
No Second Husband should my first succeed:

Since cruel Death depriv'd me of my Life,
And left a helpless Widow of a Wife;
Were not the Marriage Bed so loathsome grown,
That without Horror, I can think of none,
To this one Fault, perhaps I might assent,
And by Degrees, my former Vows repent:
For O my *Anna*! I'll confess to you,
Since curst Pigmation my *Sicheus* flew,
And in his Blood did his false Hands imbrue.
This, only this Inchanter of his Kind,
Has had the Power to make me change my Mind;
And O! I blush to tell thee, since He came,
I feel the Symptoms of my former Flame:
But open Earth, and swallow me alive,
Or may Almighty *Jove* with Thunder drive
My perjur'd Soul, to those dire Shades where
Light.

Ne'er comes, but all is once continu'd Night,
E'er I infringe the Vows that I have made,
Or prove a Scandal to the Marriage Bed.

He

He who first took me to him, to his Grave
Took my first Love, and He my last shall have;
This said, a Flood of Tears fell from her Eyes,
And fill'd her Lap, whilst t'other thus replies:
O thou that art that Light it self more dear,
Wilt thou for ever, waste thy Youth in Care,
Slight all the Pleasures of the Marriage Bed,
And vainly fancy that you please the Dead.
What tho' at first, whilst yet your Grievs were new,
We grant, no Suitors could prevail with you,
Not even the proud *Getulian* King, who ne'er
Till now, had any Cause for to despair;
Nor other Chiefs, who to Rich *Africk* owe
And her Triumphant Spoils, their being so;
Will you, because you lik'd not them, deny
Your longing Arms, the Darling of your Eye;
Besides, consider among whom, and where
You dwell, and how a People train'd to War,
With fierce *Numidian* Horse, and Desarts wide
On one Hand lie, whilst on the other Side

The mad *Barceans* range the Country round,
And drive before what ever's to be found;
But why! alas do I enumerate,
What Dangers seem to hover o'er the State,
Or what the *Germans* threaten,
By the kind Gods, and Royal *Juno's* Care
Trust me, I fancy that this Fleet sail'd here;
What a fine City then shall we behold,
This Tire of yours, compar'd with that of old;
From such a Match new Kingdoms shall arise,
And *Carthaginian* Honours reach the Skies;
Do you but to the Temple strait, and there
Try the Gods Pulse with Sacrifice and Prayer,
That done, receive them kindly, and when they
Feast high, let fall some Reasons for their Stay,
Such as a raging Sea, the Winter nigh,
A tatter'd Navy, and a cloudy Skie,

Nox

Nox erat & placidam, &c.

Out of the same.

TWas Night, when wearied with the Toils
of Day,

All Creatures upon Earth supinely lay,

In Death like Sleep dissolv'd; not the least Breeze

Fann'd the still Grove, nor the least Wind the Seas.

When the bright Host of Heaven, by their Light

Shew'd 'twas about the middle of the Night;

When every Field, each painted Bird and Beast,

Fishes and Fowls, and all Things were at Rest,

All hush'd in the profoundest Silence lay

Unmindful of the Troubles of the Day;

All but the wretched Queen, whose waking Eyes

Out-watch'd the pale-fac'd Mistress of the Skies,

And the next Morn, saw her gay Spouse arise.

She saw them all arise, but oh o'er-run

With Tracts of deep Despair, could set with none

Her Cares redouble, and the more She tries
 To drown the old, still new and new arise;
 When long revolving in her thoughtful Breast,
 What Course was most expedient, which Way best;
 Thus to her self at last, She her sad self express:
 What shall I do She cries, shall I implore
 Some petty Prince whom I despis'd before:
 Some one of those whom I so oft denied,
 To take a cast of Mistress for a Bride:
 No, die as thou deservest, and may'st thou prove
 A sad Example of unlawful Love;
 Die wretched Queen, and with the Sword the
 Thief

That stole thy Honour gave thee, stab thy Grief.

*On the late Ministry's admitting the
 Jews for Witnesses against the
 Duke of Marlborough.*

IN our Fore-fathers Days, when God was fear'd,
 A Jew against a Christian was not heard,

Because

Because they knew the Difference of Belief,
Might make them call an honest Man a Thief.
How comes it now then that we don't refuse,
Our Sires were Christians, and their Sons are Jews.

*On the never enough to be lamented
Death of our late glorious Deliverer
King William.*

AND shall no Monument, no costly Pile,
Shew thy just Sense of him, ungrateful Isle.
No Pillar rear'd on thy remotest Strand?
To tell Fame courting Heroes as they land:
Here now He rests, who when all Europe lay
To lawless Might expos'd an easie Prey;
Rescu'd his Native Country first, and then
Shower'd down his Blessings, on the worst of Men.
Nor stay'd He there, but still victorious on
In Liberties bless'd Cause, her Hero run,
Till

42 *Military Poems, &c.*

Till quite worn out, with Malice, Toil, and Strife
Rome's last, but greatest Patriot, spent his Life
 Even *Rome* her self, that Monster to the Brave
 Follow'd their breachless Bodies to the Grave
 What tho' when living, She like thee revil'd
 Their noblest Acts, and oft themselves exil'd;
 Yet to their Memories She still was just,
 And what She rob'd the Man of, paid his Dust;
 Caught up a Brand, and to the Funeral Pile
 With doleful Exclamations ran, and while
 The Body lay consuming on the Bier,
 Did to high Heavens the Hero's Acts declare.
 This, this was He th'ungrateful cry'd, that shew'd
 My Arms, how *Parthia* first could be subdu'd;
 And by dissembling of a well-tim'd Fear,
 Suffer'd their Forces to approach so near,
 That when they came their fatal Darts to throw,
 The Want of Space, enervated the Blow.
 No bitter Taunts, his mean Descent proclaim,
 Or shew from whence the upstart Hero came.

" *Augurs*,

Military Poems, &c. 43

Strife Augurs, and Southsayers, together joyn
Life Your Heads, and tell us what the Gods design,
Brave He who but t'other Day rub'd down the Mules,
Grave Mark well your Entrails, now the Senate rules.

From an old House, as Antient as the Sun,
And who more good too in their Days has done ;
Your Hero sprung, yet scorn'd to owe his Fame
To the false Lustre of anothers Name ;

The rest is lost.



On

44 *Military Poems, &c.*

*On the pretended Divinity of the
Two last Reigns.*

LET Common Mortals be content to own
Their Rise to these poor Elements below
And after a sad tedious Journey here
On Earth, be mounted to a higher Sphere.
There with the blest'd, receive that great Reward
From the Beginning for the just prepar'd;
Whilst Heaven born Kings, and Prelates from
the Skies,
Like blazing Stars, draw their Nativities;
Suck'd up from Earth, the grudy Vapours shine
On high, and then conclude themselves divine
So the Effect of some incestuous Love
Of old, deriv'd its Pedigree from *Jove*;
The shameful Birth, which Man refus'd to own,
Flies to the Gods, for their Adoption.
But if from thence they draw their Pedigree,
And *Jus divinum*, no *Chimera* be:

Scotland

land and Heaven, sure are near a kin,
no come from thence, never return agen.

To Sir Richard Blackmore.

his incomparable Paraphrase on Job.

When *Job's* meek Spouse found all
her Arts in vain,
d nought could make her patient Fool arraign
gh Heavens Eternal Justice; but the more
e Woman rav'd, the wiser Man forbore.
hen neither Hell, nor more mischievous She,
uld urge him once against his Deity;
t with a Soul as cheerful in his Ills,
when his Flocks clad all the Eastern Hills,
d every Evening of their own Accord,
urn'd their Keep with Interest to their Lord.
ead of cursing He ador'd his Name,
d on his own Demerits laid the Blame.

As

As the Arch-fiend and She consulting lay,
How they might best his Innocence betray;
Her Head reclining on his softer Breast,
The Female Devil, thus the Male address.

How poor looks Malice at the best She cries
When back'd by Hell, at Heaven the Fury flies
But when with Impotence the Monsters joyn'd
How justly stil'd the *Bentley* of Mankind.
Henceforth by Boys despis'd, in all thy Store
In all thy Quiver, not one Arrow more
To reach that stubborn Heart; and make it feel
The deadly Rancour of thy poison'd Steel:
Dull as thou art, whose Business 'tis to find
New Engines daily to distract the Mind;
And when thou see'st thy lewd Temptation fail
Exert the Fiend, and make Despair prevail:
Are these the boasted Magazines of Hell?
Are these the Burnings with whom none can
dwell?

our dismal Howlings, and your ruthless Groans,
your gnawing Vultures, and your rowing Stones;
your Fiction all, devis'd by crafty Law,
to keep the Hero's of the Earth in Awe;
your foolish Scruff, such as no Northern Peer
could keep a worse to play with all the Year;
your simple Boyl or Two, to vent his Gaul,
and a Potsherd to divert himself withal.

Thus spake the crooked Rib, when Hell amaz'd
thought how far a Womans Spleen surpass'd;
eternal Spight; thus modestly reply'd,
but his Life, (and that thou know'st denied
your dread Foe) severely I have try'd;
look Nature, when I enter'd first the Lists,
and puzzl'd Art to think how She subsists.

To whom, Life's Plague (resuming her Dis-
course)

thou can'st enforce

This

48. *Military Poems, &c.*

This Head-strong Brute to curse him to his Fate
 And to his Tyranny impute his Case:
 Give Way to one that can, give Way She cries
 And I'll inform thee, where his blind Side lies
 Poets, says She, of which my Fool is one,
 The Cause why all our Substance now is gone
 By sad Experience I may say, I'm sure,
 And they know best who do the most endure
 Are fonder of the Issue of their Brain;
 Than those we bear them, tho' with ne'er so
 Pain;

And for one Night He does the Trick with
 Is private Ten with his *Calliope*:
 Whose hated Bed (all in their tender Bloom)
 A numerous Progeny, now boasts, with whom
 My Daughters (tho' the beautifull'st that e'er
 Adorn'd this World before for fresh and fair)
 May with the Heavens as soon as them compare
 Strange Cubbs at first, and such perhaps as Fate
 Ne'er handed down since She receiv'd the Name

Who altho' born the most deform'd alive,
Lick'd into Shape, do Time it self survive,
And as Ubiquity were at their Will,
At once all Places with their Presence fill,
These could we get, now Devil lend thy Aid,
Some wretched Bungler in the rhiming Trade;
Some sad Pedantick Thief, who when possess'd,
Fancies the God most powerful in his Breast;
Of all their living Beauties to disrobe
And maul them worse than thou hast done their

Job:

My Life to his, such will his Fury be,
He curses God, more than e'er God curst thee.

When this Man's Second Enemy (o'erjoy'd
To find his First so false to him) reply'd,
Thou great Supportress of my Realms, and me,
How thin alas! alas! wer't not for thee
And thy dear Sex would all my Regions be.

E

Norwards

50 *Military Poems, &c.*

Norwards of this a Famous Isle there lies,
 Famous for all Sorts of Barbarities,
 But none so much as Hatred of the wife.
 A strange Aversion to all Sorts of Sense,
 But chiefly that which claims Preheminence,
 They naturally bear, and as if Fate
 Design'd none of the Country should be great,
 Or produce Actions worthy of the Light,
 Abhor the Man by Heaven ordain'd to write;
 In whose Metropolis of late there's shown
 A Slave, that's even the Scandal of that Town,
 Whose barbarous Lines more Heroes have dis-
 grac'd,
 Than the great Founder of the Art, e'er rais'd
 Thither, with that a Whirlwind He espied,
 Which rowling himself in, I'll fly, He cry'd;
 I'll fly, and blended snatch thee from his Pen,
 The Lee of Nations, and the Scum of Men.

He

He said, and mounting his ætherial Car,
The Prince of Darkness hies him thro' the Air;
The frighted Element her Seat forfakes,
And mingling Earth and Sea the whole Creation
Shakes. (are tore;
Trees from their Roots, Rocks from their Hills
And Ships, whose Main-tops crouded Canvas bore,
With which they us'd Neptune's smooth Face to
sweep,
For Shelter now ran headlong to the Deep.
And all this mighty Hubub to convey
The Subterranean Monarch on his Way;
To that dear Soil, where his Commands still find
Too strict Obedience from the purest Mind:
Pleas'd with her quick Return, the fruitful Spot
In Dowry with his Proserpine He got;
And the first Widows Joynture e'er was known,
To do her Husband Good when She was gone;
Which as He nearer still approach'd, the more
He lik'd the Situation of her Shore; And

52 *Military Poems, &c.*

And how convenient all her Harbours lay
To foreign Vices to become a Prey.
Her native Pride, and far fetch'd Luxury,
But most of all when on her Banks it's see
Millions of Ghosts lie ready to receive,
Whate'er Commands their Widow'd Lord should
give.

But He, whose Business was that Time to gain
One Soul more worth than all She did contain;
And wisely knowing, could He but secure
That Noble Gemm, the rest of Course were sure,
To the abhorr'd of God and Man directs
His Course, and Hell for own Ends protects,
Before whose shed, more mangl'd Heroes lay,
Than ever fell even in that fatal Day:
When the Proud Conqueror sent Bushels home
Of those, which once were the Delight of Rome,
As when a Hellish Plot is brought to Light,
And some wise Tully all the Sons of Night,

At

At once secures so, that stern Justice need
No Traytors Traytor to confirm the Deed:
The only honest Man the Law affords,
That plays with Gibbets, and delights in Cords,
And vows for all his Knots, He has not known
So many Curses, as a Priest for one;
With Heads, Legs, Hearts and Arms, around him
stands,
Ready to send them where the State commands:
So stood the Bard, but with this Difference,
His all died fighting for the Laws Defence,
And trusty Jacks for offering Violence.
Where first assuming of his awkward Mien,
For Poets by their easie Shapes are seen,
Without Sir Charles He boldly enters in.
The frightened Bard, who at the first scarce knew
What to believe, and much less what to do,
Confounded between Ignorance and Fear,
Stood, as if Thunder-struck astonish'd there:

54 *Military Poems, &c.*

So *Sesia* look'd, when *Mercury* stood before
The good *Amphytrion's* hospitable Door ;
So like the Devil and the Doctor were,
That *Faustus* self could not had He been there,
Which was the Fiend, and which the Fool
declare,

Till by Degrees recovering from the Swoon,
In which He was by his own Image thrown,
And laying of his Hand upon his Side,
Bright *Caliburne*, where art thou He cried,
Keen, bloody, murdering *Caliburne* where
Leav'st thou thy wretched Author in Despair,
Like one, who by the Furies lash'd to Fate
Raving, and calling out in vain for that,
Which *Arthur* at the second Stroke He made,
For with the first He cut off *Clotar's* Head,
Left sticking in his Rump, to add one Score
To that unhappy Bum so often lash'd before ;
Ranking to the Dishonour of his Life,
A Hero's Blade with an Incision Knife,

But

But missing on't, in Words not quite so keen,
Old Dullness his first born thus vents his Spleen :
Thou, who without my License dost presume,
To invade at once my Studies, and my Room,
And with thy horrid Charms looks so askant,
As if thou wouldst in thy own Prowess vaunt ;
Go to thy Mansions of Despair and lie,
In never ceasing Torments, go and die.

The smooth Seducer of Mankind, afraid
More of his barbarous Language than his Blade ;
And who amidst all the Crys of the Abyss,
Ne'er heard such sad and woful Stuff as this,
Smiling at the vast Folly of the Man,
In Terms, at least much civiller, began
Learnings last Hope on Earth, to whose sublime
And towring Sense coach'd in ne'er dying Rhime.
Wit of late Years, has been beholden more,
Than unto all the Bards that went before ;

A Prince the Pride and Glory of the East,
Whose Works all Languages but yours have blest,
The Mighty *Job* to whose Immortal Name
In Verse, none Second in the Books of Fame,
Dare stile himself, 'till Heaven in Despight
To Art and Nature, shew'd you how to write,
By me his Poor Ambassador has sent,
And begs it as the highest Complement:
That in the self same Numbers Stile and Tongue,
That you your King and Country's Praises sing;
You would to late Posterity transmit
The Poor Remains of a once famous Wit.

Thus spake *Job's* deadly Foe, and thus with
Pride

Puff'd up, Wits more implacable replied;
Lo to thy Hand, the mighty Task perform'd,
In the same Stile the great *Arturo* storm'd,
When with blood thirsty *Calli* in his Hand,
O'er some poor quivering Wretch He us'd to
stand, And

and more He would have said, when Hell who
came,
not to hear *Bl—re*, having spy'd his Game,
like a true Falcon swoops upon his Prey,
and without more Formality away
in Quest of Her, who by this Time had join'd
The Wretch, from whom She was at first purloin'd.
For thus far, and in this Sense, every Bride
May be said stollen from her Husbands Side;
That had the Mischiefs that ensue been known,
No Man, but what would beg to be alone.
Who seeing of her new Admirer come,
The better for his Blackness to make Room:
She thus goes on, and wilt thou still, thou vain
Old Fool, thy dull Integrity retain:
Here's that will make thee curse, with that
She laid
The wicked *Pegasus*, on which He fled
Before her Lord, her Master, and her Head.

But

58 *Military Poems, &c.*

But when the Prince of Poets, saw that Power
Which He judg'd wisely, Nature joyn'd with Art
Had render'd as Immortal as the Sun,
And given by far a nobler Course to run
Since only on the Bodies of Mankind
One Influence had, but t'other on the Mind
And would, when all his Earthly Sons were dead
In Deaths cold Arms, preserve him from the dead
And keep his Memory as fresh at least,
As when He most reign'd Monarch of the East
By an unheard of Malice tortur'd more,
Than even his sacred Person was before ;
His easie Flights, to a lewd Jargon strain'd,
His Language murther'd, and his Sense prophane
Not able any longer to support
A Soul and Body plagu'd in such a Sort ;
But looking up to that great Power, from whom
He thought He might have hop'd a gentler Doom

as it for this He cry'd, that I became
yes to the blind, and Crutches to the lame;
at Words into the dumb Man's Mouth, and
made
orphans forget their Parents had been dead?
d I for this break the Oppressors Jaws,
and rescue the afflicted from his Claws,
reserve the Meek in Soul, the Proud destroy,
and cause the Widows Heart to sing for Joy?
as it for this He cry'd — with that He bow'd
his Face, then calling thrice on Hell aloud,
gave Ear to the damn'd Council of a Wife,
and dying curst the Author of his Life.

Thus He who patiently Seven Days sustain'd
all the dire Plagues, that Hell and Malice rain'd,
and was in one short Hour depriv'd of all
those Joys, which we fond Mortals Blessings call,
fore all the Miseries of human Life,
saw his She Asses drove, and not his Wife:

He

60 *Military Poems, &c.*

He, whom nor Hell nor Woman could induce
So much as once his Maker to accuse:
When *Bla—res* Name before his Works He spake
In Terms most hateful, curs'd his God and Fate

*On the Purity of the Antient and
present corrupt State of Love.*

Happy was Man, when unconfin'd
And free, and lov'd,
And freely did enjoy where-e'er He lov'd,
No Bar between their mutual Joys was cast,
The Swain his Nymph, the Nymph her Swain
embrac'd ;

Till each by gazing on the other Eyes,
Began to feel a pleasing Warmth arise ;
Which heightning by Degrees, to some kind Gro
They flew to reap, the solid Joys of Love :
Now Locks and Gates, and Iron Bars controul
Our Freeborn Wills, and keep the longing Soul

From Unto

m what it most desires, the Love sick Maid,
 en She begins to find her Thoughts betray'd,
 es from the Person, who alone can ease
 r restless Mind, and cure the fond Disease,
 d to the Rocks and Mountains makes her Moan,
 if they understood a piteous Groan,
 d all for Fear the jealous Parents know
 e certain Cause of what afflicts her so;
 t should they find it once, the brazen Tower
 o' it had kept out the Almighty Shower,
 d bar'd the Gods, an Entrance, had not been
 Place secure enough to keep her in.

CÆLIA

PASTORAL.

FAR from the Pleasures of a native Soil,
 Where the Inhabitants in Plenty thrive;
 here Men like Bees, come loaded with the Spoil
 Unto their Tenement of Rest, the Hive. II.

II.

The griev'd *Alexis* fled, compell'd by Love
 To leave his Reeds, and oaten Pipes behind
 And quit the Pleasures of the shady Grove
 To trust the Mercy of the Seas and Wind

III.

For *Calia* now no longer does disguise
 The Passion which She formerly denied
 But owns the grateful Conquest with her Eyes
 And sues to be the Rich *Menalca's* Bride

IV.

A Swain, ill-natur'd, proud, and wanting all
 Those Signs which should a longing Maid invite
 Whose Eyes dart Envy, and whose Heart is Galled
 Not pleas'd by Day, nor pleasant in the Night

V.

for this Goather'd, She my Songs disdains,
And if at any, Time I go to play,
with my Musick try to charm the Plains
She takes, and throws my harmless Pipe away.

VI.

cruel Flocks, by her Example led,
But at my harmless Lambs, and when they meet
on the Common, where they all are fed
As She did me, so they each other greet.

The rest is wanting.

Prince EUGENE,

the Duke of Ormond's leaving
m, written in Imitation of Homer.

W Hen He who had so often beat the Foe,
Saw the new General with those
Forces go,

whom He did his noblest Triumphs owe ;

And

64 *Military Poems, &c.*

And in Obedience to his Queens Command,
Return again unto their Native Land:
He laid him prostrate on his Mother Earth,
And cursing of the Hour, that gave him Birth,
He roar'd, He rav'd, He swore, and in Despair
Tore all the Golden Tresses of his Hair;
Then raising of his Voice to Heaven, from whence
His great Progenitors their Race commence:
Ye cruel Parents of a wretched Son,
What Harm has your degenerate Off-spring done
He cry'd, that when his Acts had justly rais'd
Him to that Throne, where all just Acts are
prais'd

To be unjustly by your Votes disgrac'd.
For unless every God in Heaven had join'd
And Earth, and Hell, had with those Gods con-
bin'd;

It was impossible a Life like mine
Should miss of being honour'd as divine,

Had not some envious Powers, for fear of me
Infected *England* with this Lunacy.

An ELEGY,

On Peter late Lord Bishop of Cork,
who writ a foolish Book against
drinking to the Glorious Memory
of King William.

I.

Here lies my Lord *Peter*,
Not He who denied
His Saviour when living,
But his King when He died.

II.

Tho' most are of Opinion
By his Lordship's Behaviour,
To have got to *Kilmore*,
He had done the same by his Saviour.

F

III.

66 *Military Poems, &c.*

III.

Whether He would or would not,

We do not enquire ;

But *Nassau* when living

The Priest did admire.

IV.

How comes it that dead then

He esteem'd him no more,

Because a dead King

Can't translate to *Kilmore*.

V.

But drinking to the Memory

Of one that is gone,

Is it seems a Reflection

On the Prince in the Throne.

VI.

As if her Majesty that now is,

(The Lord, in Heaven, bless her)

Had made a worse Peace,

Than her late Predecessor.

VII.

Nay if we may believe,

Our late Famous Divine;

It derogates strangely,

From the sacred Wine.

VIII.

For if the Fourth of November,

Should happen of a Sunday;

As sure as God is in Heaven,

The Fifth will be of a Monday.

IX.

Well may our Dissenters
 Sit round a large Table,
 And quaff to each other
 As long as they are able.

X.

When a Father of the Church,
 All Exceptions without
 Compares the Lord's Supper
 To drinking about.

*Walking with an Officer of theirs,
 who was twice married to the same
 Woman, and looking up, as tho'
 He spied a Person who had newly
 made himself away.*

Self Murther ! now I'll lay my Life,
 The Man was mad, or had a Wife;

Or

Or was't that cruel Thing Despair,
That made it dangle thus in Air:
But oh was ever such a Sot,
On each Side of his Neck a Knot;
As if one Halter would not do,
The Wretch has hung himself with two.

On his first seeing of Lamira.

From this Time forth, farewell all true De-
light;

And thou my Soul, make Room for thy new
Guest :

For O my Eyes, my heedless Eyes this Night
Have drank a Draught, will poyson all the rest.

Of Love.

Paffions in Men, like Streams in Meads appear,
Here Anger rowls, and Envy wanders there,

70 *Military Poems, &c.*

Whilst curling Joy glides gently on, and thence
 Her Banks, her wealthy Bosom, as She flows,
 There Pride, and vain Ambition, steer their Course,
 And meeting Sorrow, joyn at length their Force.
 The Swain a little or no Damage feels,
 But still goes on and either feeds or tills.
 The Grateful Glebe its wonted Profits yields
 But when the Inundation Love comes down,
 That cursed Stream does all before it drown,
 Bearing down Houses, Timber, Oxen, Sheep,
 And all Things that oppose it to the Deep!
 The frighted Husbandman forsakes the Plain,
 And sweats to reach the Mountains Sides in vain.
 The swifter Waters, drive him back again.
 The little Birds themselves take Wing for Fear,
 The raging Monster leave them nought but Air,
 And scarcely that to move in, nay the Skie,
 Trembles to think her Rebel Waves so nigh.

On the same.

OF other Passions, when poor Man's afraid,
He summons all his Senses to his Aid;
Calls up his Courage, to controul his Fear,
And thinks of Honour still when Dangers near.
But when He's with that Devil Love possess'd,
All Day repining, and at Night no Rest;
Reason like *Palinurus* falls asleep,
And leaves the rowling Vessel to the Deep.

To the God of Love.

IF thou beest ought but a meer empty Name,
Devis'd by fictitious Poets to inflame:
Regardless Youth, and that thou canst compel
A stubborn Beauty to obey thy Will;
By all that's sacred to thee, by the Doves,
That draw thy Sea-born Mother to her Loves;

By thy one Eye, thy Quiver, and thy Bow,
And the soft Down, which on thy Wings does grow,
Streight I conjure thee to *Lamira* fly,
And let her know the Pains in which I lie.
For O no Stag, when He's so close pursu'd,
He flies for Succour to the Neighb'ring Flood,
Pants half so short as I, nor longs to taste
Of the smooth Stream, to which He hies so fast,
More than I do to feed my longing Eyes,
By gazing on that endless Store of Joys :
O try thy utmost Art, and if thou prove
Successful in the Business of my Love,
As some great Hero, who with Dangers round
Beset, and seeing of his Foes gain Ground,
Vows to his Guardian Angel, if he gain
The Day, that such as an't in Battel slain,
Shall fall to him, so here I swear to raise
A stately Temple to thy Deathless Praise ;
Before whose Shrine more human Blood shall flow,
Than all the Antient Deities did know :

Nor

or need'st thou fear, that I'll like him perform,
Who trembling in the Danger of a Storm,
Saw'd a vast Light, but when its Rage blew o'er,
Offer'd a petty Trifle on the Shore ;
Since 'tis but drawing all the Sex like this,
And every Woman proves a Murtherefs.

To the God of Wit.

I.

WHEN Loves blind God could not prevail,
Nor enter one kind Dart ;
I beg'd of *Phæbus* to assail,
The Proud *Lamira's* Heart.

II.

But He who had by one less Fair,
Been heretofore denied ;
Amaz'd at my presumptuous Prayer,
Thus frowningly reply'd.

III.

III

Had'st thou some meaner Nymph pursu'd,
 Perhaps thy Prayers and I,
 By my more Powerful Numbers could
 Have drawn her to comply.

IV.

But now his Fate and thine are one,
 Who scorning a Mid-way;
 Flew to the Region of the Sun,
 And perish'd in the Sea.

On her walking in a Moon shiny Night

L *Amira*, who had heard her Servants swear
 Nothing on Earth, was ever half so far
 Thought they imagin'd there in Heaven might be
 Somewhat that could pretend Equality;
 And therefore vow'd the first bright Night to try
 The Contest with the Mistress of the Skie.

Military Poems, &c. 75

the Moon, as proud that one so fair as She
should strive for't, tho' She gain'd the Victory;
casts to her Orb, and now appears with more
resplendent Light, than e'er She did before;
nor well She knew, should She this Conquest gain,
The Sun no longer would pretend to reign.
Whilst She in a loose Night Dress unarray'd,
attended only by a waiting Maid,
makes good her Word, and now beholding her,
Whom tacitly they seem'd for to prefer;
she smil'd at first, then calling for a Glass,
The true Reflector of a fairer Face;
Twixt Scorn and Mirth impartial Earth She cry'd,
Do thou the mighty Controversie decide.
The Earth, unwilling to offend the Dame,
From whose bright Consort all her Blessings came,
By publick Sentence, and as loath to wrong
The Nymph, to whom the Victory did belong;
Withdrew herself, (thinking thereby to have shewn
The Moons false Light) between her and the Sun.

But

76 *Military Poems, &c.*

But She, who heretofore became obscure,
By doing thus, now darts a Light more pure
A Light so more than usual bright that She,
Who never yet could a Pretender see,
Stands now despairing of the Victory.
For Heaven who would not that its Handmaid
should

Submit to any cloath'd in Flesh and Blood;
By it's Omnipotence her Want supply'd,
Out of that Source of Light, with whom She vy'd
And forc'd the Maid to own the Moon as bright,
Since 'twas from her She borrow'd all her Light.

*Finding Her asleep,
In an Arbour of the Garden.*

HOW still She lies, no frightful Dreams
molest

The soft Repose, that's brooding in her Breast;

But

Military Poems, &c. 77

at all within's as silent as the Shade,
neath the which her beauteous Body's laid.
Powers, that over human Life preside,
and see the Things which Mortals are denied;
all I implore ye how one, for whose Sake
many Thousand restless Wretches wake,
bbing their Days of Mirth, and Nights of Ease,
ould yet her self enjoy so calm a Peace;
the great Mover of the World stands still,
hilst all Things here are guided by his Will.
e said, let there be Light, and forthwith Light
ade the Division between Day and Night;
here-e'er She goes, Darkness and Horror fly
fore her Face, and leave a Noon-day Sky:
e spake the Word, and lo the Angel flew,
e blasphemous *Assyrian* to subdue;
greater Power than Heaven She seems to have,
ho with a Look kills the offending Slave;
or does She now tho' Deaths pale Image hide,
e great Avengers of her lovely Pride.

Less

78 Military Poems, &c.

Less awful seem than when their scorching Rays
Blind the aspiring Wretch that dares to gaze,
Beauty and Innocence now play their Part,
And strike a Terror in the boldest Heart;
So when the Sun withdraws him from our Sight
He sways us by the Empress of the Night.

Sure Heaven to shew how our first Parents
E'er yet they madly long'd to go astray,
And vindicate it self, who for so small
A Crime, seems rashly to have damn'd us
Dispos'd her thus, that we may see what State
Of Bliss they fell from, for so poor a Rate
But had that Woman when the Tempter came
To instill his false Illusions in her Dream
Look'd with the Modesty that this does not
Or wore that Scorn of Ill upon her Brow
With as much Shame He from her Face had fled
As afterwards She from her Makers did.

her weeping over a dying Parrot.

I.

See O ye Gods, see how She cries,
What Floods of Sorrow drown her Eyes,
Because a Foolish Parrot dies.

II.

But ne'er regards their sad Estate,
Whose Lives upon her Love or Hate,
As much as on their Makers wait.

III.

Thou happy, happy Creature tell
Me by what Magick Art or Spell,
Thou can'st to be beloved so well.

IV.

With all the Charms of Verse I strove
To make her sensible of Love,
But Verse did ineffectual prove.

V.

80 *Military Poems, &c.*

V.

Then pretty Prater e'er thou part,
Shew me by what enchanted Art,
Thou got'st Possession of her Heart.

Poll's Answer.

I.

What foolish Things are you who boast,
Of your Sense and Reason most,
When we can gain what you have lost.

II.

No Magick Art, nor Spell I try'd,
She cry'd *Poll*, and I reply'd,
Young Maids hate to be deny'd.

III.

Naughty *Poll* says 'She, in what
I answer'd Madam, you know that,
'Tis what you all would fain be at.

IV.

For such little Jest as these,
She oft' would take me on her Knees;
And give me many a harmless Kiss:

V.

Thou then next Time thou goest to woo,
If but like me, thou'dst prattle too,
She'd quickly be as fond of you.

Of her Singing with a Nightingal.

BOTH fat and sung, the Nightingal and She,
Admiring each the others Melody ;
The ravish'd Bird, who ne'er till now could hear
A sound, proportion'd to its tuneful Ear ;
Loath at the first, to raise its Song too high,
For Fear the beauteous Maid should not comply,
In sad, but charming Notes, begins to sing
The barbarous Story of the Thracian King.

Then by Degrees, exalts her tuneful Voice,
 And as She found her sweet Companions rise,
 Higher and higher soars, whilst all around,
 Birds, Beasts, and Trees, dance to the Heavenly
 (Sound.

But ah, how weak must Nature be, where Art
 And She united, play the adverse Part ;
 The cruel Maid, who hitherto had shewn,
 Only what could by one of them be done,
 Now adds the other too, and leading sings
 The Nobler Conquests of our British Kings,
 Which the Poor Bird endeavouring to pursue,
 With doleful Cries, rends the shrill Pipe in two.

Than *Tereus* worse, ah! could it not suffice
 Thy Pride, to triumph o'er so sweet a Voice,
 But that *Atlanta* like, who dares contend
 With thee and lose, must perish in the End.

O! That thou would'st as in that Antient Strife
 But stake thy self against thy Rivals Life:

Again

Again we would, tho' Thousands daily died,
Enter the Lists to gain so fair a Bride.

Standing gazing on Her.

O Thers, when once the short-liv'd Pleasures
o'er,

We more abhor; than e'er we lov'd before.

And dully wait, until a fresh Supply

Render them new again unto the Eye.

So in these colder Climates, where the Sun
Shines forth a while, and in a Moments gone;

We die, or dream away, the tedious Night,

Till He again informs us with his Light.

But as in those blest Regions, where He ne'er

Ceases through all his Journey, to appear;

No Weeks, Months, Years, those Terms of Time
are known,

But one long Day eternally runs on.

84 *Military Poems, &c.*

Lo in *Lamira's* Arms, whoever lies,
Shall find no End of those celestial Joys,
Which we poor Wretches here, with so much Pain
Strive, but are never able to attain.

*Pollemon and Lamira,
Or the Dialogue between Horace and
Lydia, initiated.*

I.

WHilst I alone, was welcome to thy Arms,
And no Rich Rogue, debauch'd my In-
terest there ;

Our English Sultan, envied me thy Charms,
And I with Scorn beheld his homely Ware.

II.

E'er thou wast ravish'd with *Matilda's* Eyes,
And only I, sat Regent of thy Breast ;
The Moon, when She with her Endimion lies,
On *Latmos* Top, was never half so blest. III.

III.

That beauteous, black ey'd Creature with her Wit,
Lulls me to sleep, and takes away my Cares,
For whose dear Sake, would the kind Heavens
permit,

I'd cut off half my Days, to add to hers.

IV.

So wond'rous fond thy Rival's grown of late,
And has such Marks of his Affection shewn,
Such Nests of Jewels, and such Sets of Plate,
I'd die Ten Thousand Deaths to save him one.

V.

What if I should (all Breaches to repair,)
Once more put on the proud *Lamira*' Chain,
Turn off that lovely, Kind, obliging Fair,
And take thee back, with all thy Faults again.

VI.

Tho' fairer than the Ruler of the Day,
 Or fighting Maids, far more indulgent He,
 Thou false as Wind and rougher than the Sea,
 Rather than live with him, I'd die with thee

The Soldiers Art of Poetry.

I.

ONE Night spent in drinking's
 Worth Twenty in thinking,
 What Blockheads are they that lie poring,
 Who in writing well
 Intends to excell,
 Must never leave drinking,
 Must never leave drinking and whoring,

II.

A Wench and brisk Wine
 Breed Raptures divine,
 And such as no Mortal can think on ;

Then the next Way to be
From Mortality free,
Is still for to wench,
Is still for to wench, and to drink on.

III.

Then let dull Fools
Still keep to their Rules,
Whilst we of the *Fleece* and the *Fountain*,
Waste more Wit in one Night
Than in Seven Years they'll write;
Tho' furnish'd from *Plutarch*,
Tho' furnish'd from *Plutarch*, and *Montaigne*.

Coming to her, half Seas' over.

I.

MY Mistress has sold,
Her self for Gold;
O horrible News I'll tell you,

To wear a fine black
Velvet Mant on her Back,
She'll let a Fool lie,
She'll let a Fool lie on her Belly,

II.

My Verses She tears,
And laughs at my Prayers,
Tho' able to move a Rock ;
And for a Page for to hold
Up her Train of Gold,
She'll let a Slave take up,
She'll let a Slave take up her Smock,

III.

Then Painter if thou can,
Prithee draw me a Man,
With a Beard above half Way down;
And a Maid of Fifteen,
A playing with his Chin,

buy her a Velvet,
buy her a Velvet Gown.

A S O N G.

AS lately I from *Lamira* did part,
She smiling conjur'd me to look to my
Heart;

told her, no Mortal could injure its Rest,
since I for a Harbour had chosen her Breast.

Ah *Strepson* says She,
How wretched a Pilot that Seaman must be,
Who striving to Anchor, puts into a Coast,
Where Thousands before him, have daily been lost.

A S O N G.

I.

IN such a cool and shady Grove,
The Nymphs of old lay blest;
Each chusing for her future Love,
The Swain She fancied best.

II.

90 *Military Poems, &c.*

II.

But now Woes me for Interest Sake,
Old Age with Youth they wed;
Or else oblige us for to take,
Some nauseous Clown to Bed.

III.

Ages to come will curse the Day
When Beauty first was sold;
When Men of Sense neglected lay,
And Fools were fought for Gold.

Walking by Her,
And pretending not to see Her.

AY me, what Pity 'tis that Things so
As those call'd Women generally are
In all Things else so wond'rous near allied
To Man, should want his Reason to preside
O! had they been by the kind Heavens endu'd
With the bare Knowledge but of bad and good.

should not now in these sad Strains bemoan
My beauteous Maid, nor lie all Night alone;
For Want of Judgment, to discern between
Least Man, and Man, I lost my fine Machine.

A S O N G.

I.

YE Learned Fools, that spend your Days
In vainly searching after Truth;
And for a little barren Praise,
Forego the solid Joys of Youth;
If you your Fortunes would advance,
The great Man's Road is Ignorance.

II.

'Tis fancying of our selves to be
Something that really we an't;
For Wit's joyn'd still with Modesty,
That makes a Fool so impudent:

And

92 *Military Poems, &c.*

And He, who once that Point can gain,
May laugh at the most able Brain.

III.

To thee lac'd Coats, Lawn Sleeves, Fur Gown

Too often their Preferment owe,
Whilst Knowledge keeps within her Bounds,
Content with her own self, to know:

But O! in Love's accursed Trade,
Of these my Darling's Darling's made.

IV.

Then prithee Scholar burn thy Books

And lay aside all foolish Fears,
Who for a Woman's Favour looks,
Should always suit his Sense to hers;
Avoid the Scandal of a Wit,
And fly the Rock on which I split,

To a Painter drawing her Picture.

RASH Man, to undertake to draw a Face,
So fair it does thy Fairest Thoughts sur-
pass ;

That She would be, did She but dream there
could

such Divinity in Flesh and Blood :

And She believe it possible for Earth,

to give a Being so celestial Birth.

For there is some great Secret in thy Art,

That does those Lines, as from afar impart ;

As 'twere impossible for thee to gaze

On that which does all other Eyes amaze.

Believe me Friend, even He that drove the Sun,

In the Attempt has not such Madness shewn,

As thou wouldst here, for one much safer might

Drive his fierce Steeds, than gaze upon his Light.

Not

Not daring to approach her.

URg'd by my Griefs, which now all
were grown

Too great for Mortal to support alone,
And hoping by imparting them, to find
Some Ease at least to my distracted Mind:
I went (for oh to whom could I complain
More justly, than the Cause of all my Pain
To the bright Nymph, whose beauteous Eyes
first made

My Heart a Slave, intending to have laid
All my past Sorrows forth; but when I came
Struck with the Presence of the Heavenly Dame
Gazing a while I stood; then backwards fled
Not daring my first Purpose to pursue.

So the poor Ghost, that steals by Night to
The Cause of all his present Misery;

ks o'er a while, but frighted flies away,
the Approach of the Suns glorious Ray.

*On her writing,
In Praise of a married Life.*

EE in what Crowds our spritely Youth
resort,

taste the Pleasures of the *Paphian* Court ;

like wandring Bees, drawn by a sweet Alarm,

they flock unto the balm Hive, and swarm,

but ne'er consider how their present Shade

hereafter, may their Sepulcher be made ;

when a *Siren* sings, the dreadful Sea

that lies between, can't stop us in our Way ;

at spight of Death, caught with the heavenly

Sound,

we plunge us headlong in, and so are drown'd.

Shewing

*Shewing her how She may dispose
of both, without injuring either*

Since certain Death, must one of us attend
And on thy Lips, the Breath of both de-
pend ;

Look, and see who's the fitter for his End
He's wiser, better, elder much than I,
And consequently much more fit to die :
Should I the Object of thy Scorn, be made
To Hell the Anguish of my Soul would lead ;
Whilst He like Martyr'd Innocence would stand
Pray for and bless the executing Hand.
'Tis true indeed, He better does deserve,
But killing him, you'll both of us preserve
And grant to each for ever, Rest divine,
In *Abraham's* Bosom He, and I in thine.

Thro

Throwing himself at her Feet, and
laying hold of the Tail of her Gown.

STAY Tyrant, stay, and with thee take a Life,
Doom'd by thy Cruelty to endless Strife.
Stay Tyrant, stay, and for thy last Farewel,
See all the Torments of the Damn'd in Hell.

Now, now she smiles, and now to Heav'n I soar,
Regions of Angels dancing on before;

Cherubs and Seraphims my Triumph wait,
and Heav'n turns out to meet me at the Gate.

Down, down, ten thousand fathoms deep I'm hurl'd

By a black Frown, from my Celestial World,

To dwell in Pools of Woe; here Grief, and there

its wild Distraction close by black Despair;

From that curst Fiend, Heav'n of thy Mercy

free

My Soul, and talk not of Eternity.

H

What

98 *Military Poems, &c.*

What, when ten thousand, thousand Years
done,
To think my Miseries but just begun;
When Time immensurate has seen me Curst,
And no last Day to drive away the first;
Prometheus, Sisyphus, and He who sold
His Country's Rights and Liberties for Gold,
Are all but Types of me: Why smiles my Fate
Or thinks these real Grievs Fictitious are?
From the same Cause with theirs, proceeds my
Pain,

Both see the Heav'n, which they must ne'er attain

On Her Picture.

NEVER did Nature form a sweeter Face,
Nor Art shew Nature with a better Grace
Yet should another come, and paint her Mind,
You'd say that He that drew the Face, was blind

On her declaring for the Old Gentle-
man.

NOT One and twenty yet, and he Threescore,
She scarce Fifteen; what could Boy wish
for more?

Ah foolish *Sphinx*, hadst Thou but ask'd what
Thing

A Woman was? Thou'dst slain the *Theban King*.

Sitting in Company, and receiving the
News of the Death of a Young
Gentleman, who was drown'd in the
Irish Seas, in pursuit of his Mi-
stress.

FILL me a Glas, for 'twere a Sin to weep
O'er one, who has his Sepulchre, the Deep;
Rather let's vow to Drink, until we drain
The raging Grave, and find our Friend again.
For Tears would but increase the Surges' moan,
And help to keep the rising Corps from Shore.

100 *Military Poems, &c.*

Then Sense, nor Grief, nor Mirth, nor Wine, altho,
The last, if any Thing on Earth can do,
Can force the flitted Soul to re-inform
The Body here, or antedate the Storm
That drove him hence, in Peace the Corps let's
(leave,
Waiting its Résurrection from the Grave;
And as in such like Cafes, People do,
The Cursed Cause with Hue and Cry pursue.

Then take this back, and fill a lusty Bowl,
The Health's Divine, Damnation to her Soul,
Whom he pursu'd; But Oh! why do I rave,
What Souls can such Fantaſtick Wretches have;
When young, for Meat, on Dirt and Trash they
(feed,
And Fops or Blockheads, as they grow, succeed.

*Hearing Musick under his Window,
soon after Lamia was Married.*

WHAT Musick's this? that in the dead of Night,
When all in Sleep lie bury'd, tunes Delight?
Some

Some happy Swain, has brought his Vintage
(home,
And revels now, in hopes of Sweets to come;
Or is't the Bridal Pair? the Bride! ah me,
Why do I mention what I ne'er must see?
Why do I, *Cato* like, tear up a Wound,
Too apt to bleed anew & that charming Sound
Must never reach my Ear, or if it do,
Twill only be, like Heaven, to renew
My Grievs afresh, and since I can't enjoy
The Thing I would, the Thing I can destroy.

*Qui fit Mecænas? or, out of Horace,
Inscrib'd to Richard Noile of the
Middle-Temple, Esquire.*

HOW comes it, Friend, that few or none
(content,
Themselves with that, which Fate or Chance has
(sent,
But every Man applauds a different Course
To what he takes, and thinks his own the worse.

1102 *Military Poems, &c.*

The old decrepit Soldier mourns his Fate,
 And wishes for the happy Merchant's State;
 The Merchant, frighted with a Storm at Sea,
 Thinks War the speedier, and the nobler Way,
 Where, in a Moment, you are sure to meet
 A joyful Conquest, or a sudden Fate;
 The Lawyer too, plagu'd with the constant strife
 Of wrangling Fools, adores a Country Life;
 The Country-man, drag'd by his Bail to Town,
 Would sell his Lands to purchase this Man's
 Gown
 With twenty Thousand such as these, whom
 Too long and tedious, singly to declare.
 But lest I should delay you, hear how I
 Have order'd Things, suppose some God should
 I grant your Wills, you Soldier go and be
 That happy Man you fancy'd on the Sea;
 And Thou, who formerly the Lawyer wert,
 Turn Country-man, and so in Peace depart.

Ex-

Military Poems, &c. 103

exchanging each with t'other; see they stay,
and won't enjoy their Wishes, tho' they may,
Who then can blame the mighty *Jove*, if he
hereafter vow and solemnly decree,
Ne'er to regard such trifling Wretches more,
Or lend an Ear to ought which they implore.

A Comparifon between Hell, and P---th.

GOOD People, not you who in P---th, do
(dwell,
Have you heard of a Place, by the Ancients call'd
(*Hell*,
For tho' some of late Years have alter'd the Name,
And Chriften'd it P---th, we'll prove it the same.
We'll prove it the same, Boys, as plain as a *Hell*,
That this was the Place, by the Ancients call'd
(*Hell*.
For first of all, Friends, juft as they there,
So we have a *Diol* for a Governour here.

H 4

Who

104 *Military Poems, &c.*

Who, damn'd to inhabit so loathsome a Place,
 Delights to bring others into the same Case.
 Then, as Partons say, *Secondly*, is not the Pain
 As lasting and odious as what they sustain?
 And Men, or Ghosts rather, walk about here,
 Just as the Discontented do there.
 Thus we hope we have prov'd that, bating the
 (Name

The Place and the Governours both are the same
 And Pardon us, since we err but in this Point,
 Ours rose from a Scoundrel, theirs fell from
 (How)

by the ancient called
 (The)

The FABLE
Of the Clowns and the Courtiers; Occa-
sioned by the Lords of Ox--d and
B---ke's riding out together.

TWO Courtiers (bred to nought but Lye and
 Bow)
 Seeing an honest Country-man at Plough,
 Good

Good speed your Work, the Elder of them cr'y'd,
 You toil for us. Not I, the Clown reply'd,
 For honest Mouths I work, indeed it's true,
 But he on t'other side the Hedge for you.
 Longing to know what 'twas the other Sow'd,
 Up to the Hedge, strait both our Courtiers rode.
 What Sow you there, my honest Friend? they
 (cry'd,
 Hemp, in a surly Tone, the Clown reply'd.
 Struck with the Accident, to Town they come,
 To acquaint their Friends, with their unhappy
 (Doom,
 When lo their Friends confirm what they had said,
 And, trembling, told them that the Queen was
 (dead.

The M O R A L.

The Honest Countryman, that earns his Bread
 Before he Eats it, cares not who is Dead.
 Whilst they who make their Market of one King,
 Under another must expect to Swing.
 The

The FABLE
Of the Fox and the Countryman.

I.

AS Reynard was stealing
One Day to a Village,
A Villain by Nature,
In Hopes of some Pillage,

II.

Old Ralph, with his Mattock,
Perceiving him come,
Made ready to send the Rogue
To his long Home.

III.

Which Reynard observing,
Crys, don't be afraid,
For there's a Peace between me
And the Poultry made.

IV.

whom *Ralph* reply'd smiling,

Thou *Sinon* of *Greece*,

hear thee say so,

But I don't hear the *Geese*.

V.

With that he lets fly,

And knocks poor *Reynard* down,

Then catching him up, strait

He brings him to *Town*.

VI.

And calling his *Biddies*,

Desired to know,

Whether there was such

An Agreement, or no?

VII.

When the Saviours of *Rome*,

In behalf of the rest;

Each

108 *Military Poems, &c.*

Each swore by his Honour,
His Hand on his Breast.

VIII.

That tho' he was counted
A most simple Creature,
He had more Sense than trust to
A Villain in Nature.

The MORAL.

The Moral of which is
We should not give Credit
To one side, 'till we hear
What the other has said to it.

II.

Especially if the Person
Who affirms it for Truth,
Has been justly reputed
A Rogue from his Youth.

Myburn's Lamentation: Or, the Lord
Bolingbroke's Farewell.

YE Fair Maidsall,
Both Great and Small,

From fam'd Knight-Rider's-street ;

To that damn'd Shore,

Where many a Whore,

Has fir'd the British Fleet,

II.

On Friday next,

With Looks perplext,

And Hoods, and Gloves most white ;

At the Leafless Tree,

Prepare to see,

Most Heart-breaking Sight.

III

A Young Man, in
The Prime of his Sin,
And of his Strength likewise;
Laid flat on the Ground,
With many a Wound,
But the worst between his ——

IV.

And those dear Parts
Which stole your Hearts,
Even by the Hangman vile,
By way of Disgrace,
Thrown in his Face,
And you look on the while.

And fighting say
To your selves, and pray,
With Heart, and eke with Tongue;

Whenever we
Shall Married be,
May our Husbands be all so hung.

VI.

For why, of a Truth,
This charming Youth,
or a Woman's Man was design'd;
In his Body no Stains,
In his Head no Brains,
and no Vertues in his Mind.

An excellent new *Ballad*, call'd Eng-
land's *Happiness*, or the Royal
Family.

A King, a Prince of *Wales*, and a Duke
Of some fam'd Town, I trow,
Blessings that all Men did not look
For, some few Years ago.

A

112 *Military Poems, &c.*

II.

A King, who is Valiant, Just, and Wise,
An Ornament to the Throne,
And does not see with other Mens Eyes,
Nor love to wink with his own.

III.

Who, when he has soundly beat his Foes,
And drubb'd their Bones full sore,
The Law of Arms much better knows,
Than to let 'em increafe their Store.

IV.

And if it shall please Almighty God,
Out of his tender Mercy ;
To visit us with his Cruel Rod,
And this good King should Die.

V.

A Prince of Wales, who is a grown Man,
And a Man of Heart most Stout ;

Not stole to Bed in a Warming-Pan,

Nor brought in a Piss-pot out.

VI.

But fairly born, as Story saith,

In a most successful Hour;

The Princess was not gone to the Bath,

Nor the Bishops sent to the Tower.

VII.

stands ready his Father to Succeed,

And, should there occasion be,

To make that foul-mouth'd Traytor bleed,

That says He's as good as He.

VIII.

ay, and should the Fates so cruel prove

To snatch this young Man too;

And send him to the Shades above,

Before they be his due.

IX.

A gallant Cock'ril of about
 Some Nine or Ten years old,
 As *Hercules* himself as stout,
 And as *Alexander* bold.

X.

Shall quickly mount the *British* Throne,
 Spight of the Devil in Hell;
 And when he has sat a while thereon,
 We all in Heav'n shall dwell.

XI.

For this is that famous Prince, of whom,
 It has been so often told;
 That all things in his Reign, shall bloom,
 And the Streets run down with Gold.

XII.

An old Man, trust a Young with his Wife,
 And the young Man prove so just;

Tho' he love her dearer than his Life,
Not to abuse his Trust.

XIII.

A Lamb, shan't be of a Lyon afraid,
The Lyon shall be so mild;
A Bachelour shall play with a Maid,
And a third thing bear the Child.

XIV.

That very Child, shall play with a Rod,
A Bishop, delight in Pains;
A Soldier, dying, call upon God,
And a Courtier, speak what he means.

XV.

Nay such strange things, as never were known,
By Old, nor eke by Young;
An honest Man, plac'd near the Throne;
And a Woman without a Tongue.

Making Love to a Quaker.

I.

M *Artha* thou know'st,
The Apostle *Paul*,
Says it's better by far,
Not to marry at all.

II.

But if a Man can't
Abstain from a Woman;
'Tis better take one,
Than kifs all in Common.

III.

Then since, dear *Martha*,
I daily find;
That Flesh unto Flesh,
Is but too much inclin'd;

Military Poems, &c. 8117

IV.

Let thou and I,
As Friends Accord;
To raise up Seed,
Unto the Lord,

Martha's Answer,

I.

Away, Away,
Thou prophane Thing,
Thy gay Coat, and
Thy Cravat-string.

II.

And Tempt not a
Weak Friend, unto
Deed, which may
Her Soul undo.

III.

Since in thy Steeple
House, Thou'lt find

Enough

118 Military Poems, &c.

Enough, according
To thy Mind.

There, with thy wanton
Tongue, go try ;
Some Dame, whose Head,
Does reach the Skie.

To a young Lady at Reading,
their being Commanded to March.

WHEN other Souls and Bodies part
the Bell,
Does the sad Tale of Separation tell,
And rings, before they go, the fatal Koell,
In this I differ, O thou Life divine!
The Bell rings their Deaths, and the Drum
beats mine.

Enough

I

Howe, Thou'lt find

The

*The Quakers Advice to Friend
George.*

WHEN the mad Black-Coat, with the
long hard Name,
By teaching Nonfense, first set up for Fame,
And all, who would not with the Rool comply,
Were counted Favourets of Heresie;
Among the rest, that did not like the Sot,
Thy faithful Friends, the Quakers, went to Pot,
Because, like him, they would not rant and tear,
And, if Fame lies not, on Occasion swear;
Not idle Oaths, such as supply the Place
Of Yea and Nay, those certain Marks of Grace;
But hellish Ones, for which the Person stands
In publick, with his Head between his Hands,
And often rob Men of their Lives and Lands.
These things because the Brethren would not do,
And sit in mortal Pinfold, call'd a Pew;

This Man of Sin design'd to take away
Those heavenly Assertions, Yea, and Nay,
And in their Room, I tremble at them, Oaths
Of carnal Man's Invention, to impose.

To compass which, he pick'd up all the Knave
The Country yields, to make the true Men Slaves
(And, not to frighten thee from coming o'er)
No Nation upon Earth, affordeth more,
ROBERT, their Chief, a Hypocrite by Birth,
Who talks of Heav'n, whilst his Heart's on Earth
Witness the little or no Good he has done,
When all the Cash did through his Fingers run
By Birth, I think I said, for tho' his Sire
Purg'd the Girls sins away, they say, by Fire;
Yet in no Scripture, that I e'er could read,
Ought he t' have stop'd her Wages for the deed,
Him call thou to a strict Account, to know
The Reason, why he granted to the Roe.

Much better Terms, when beaten with Disgrace,
Than they could ask, had we been in there Case.
And if he strive to put thee off with Flams,
(As no Man livings better at his Shams.)

Set him before his Peers, the Action plead,
But first strike out the dozen which he made,
Left when thou com'st to cast up all their Names,
For one thou finds for *George*, there's ten for *James*.

Beware of him, who does thy Conscience keep,
Left he should lull it, like his own, asleep;
For had Presbytery, been the way to rise,
NOMON to this day had turn'd up his Eyes;
Wigh'd, with the hallowest of the canting Tribe,
And swallow'd, with a rueful Groan, a Bribe.

And tho' he now calls *ROBERT*, all the Knaves
His Spleen can think, and at his Conduct raves.
Be not deluded with an outward Show,

'Tis hard *Friend George*, a Lawyer's Heart to
know,

Those

122 *Military Poems, &c.*

Those Sons of *Belial* are so profound,
Jack Ketch can only tell thee if it's found,

Mad rattling *HARRY*, he who does inherit
 So much o' th' *Flesh*, he thinks not of the Spirit
 That Noon-day Reprobate, that takes more
 (Pride

To boast his Sins, than others do to hide;
 And (if *Fames* lies not) lately took a Dance,
 To Kiss a certain Person's Hand in *France*,

I think, thou ought'st in Justice to advance,
 But because thou'rt a Stranger to this Town,

And consequently may'st not know whereon,
 Near *Hide-Park* Corner, which belongs to thee,

Where four ways meet, there stands an Aged
 Tree,

That just has Boughs enough for all the three;
 And seems by Nature for the Task design'd,

(Pity the poor thing should not have its Mind
 Where if thou order'st them a while to Swing,

I dare affirm, that thou may'st dye a King.

And T

Bu

if thou lets them unrewarded go,
an't tell how long thou wilt continue so:
Therefore, if thou wouldst be advis'd by me,

the Tripple League, hang on the Tripple Tree;
or if that ROBERT, without SIMON die,

SIMON, without BOB, and HENRY,

HENRY should dangle all alone,

consider how the vacant Sticks will Groan,

who for these four years past (if Fame don't lie)

as long'd for all the three most tenderly.

As for their Tools, the Peer beyond the Sea,

with him, whose business is to preach and pray,

instead of sipping Politicks and Tea.

at above all, the wicked Tyrant WIL,

who lately brought in the Soul-forcing Bill;

with Scur and BUNGEY, Knaves that love to pun,

the Vintners Servant, and the Grocers Son,

Than live to see the Ruin of our Laws.

Let

124 *Military Poems, &c.*

Let them but yearly take the self-same Dance
That their King's Father, shew'd to *Oats* and
Prance
I'll pledge my Band, to see thee crown'd in *France*

To the King; on his present Enemy

WITH *asie Simois*, the rough *Xanthus* join
To fight for *TROY*, when to her Wall
(confine)
And by Uniting of the *Currants* down
The greatest Hero, that besieg'd the Town.
Till *Vulcan* fell from Heaven with his Flames
And drunk up all the poor *Scamanders* Streams.
The best, and wisest of the People, do,
With Heart and Tongue unfeign'd, declare for you
But the Priests burning Zeal, consumes up all,
And makes our Labours, ineffectual.
Then Courage, Sir, and to the last maintain
Your Title, to these Kingdoms, where you reign
'Tis Nobler dying in an honest Cause,
Than live to see the Ruin of our Laws.

*King James the 2d's Declaration
for Liberty of Conscience.*

WHAT more than human Goodness sways
the Mind,

In which no Malice can Reception find.

In himself, and easie unto all,

Who in the Verge of his Displeasure fall:

He calmly passes o'er the Rubbs of Life,

And knows no Enemy compar'd with Strife.

Well did the Ancient Bards deduce from Jove,

Their Parentage who for their Country's Love,

Contemn'd all private Wrongs, then what should

(We
ascribe of the Divinity to thee?

Who, where the greatest Scorn and Plagues were
(due

Yet the most Kindness and Compassion shew.

Heaven, instead of thund'ring back again

With rages, with which we daily do prophane

Believes our thirsty Seat, with timely Rain.

}
Drove

Drove from a Land, which thou wast born
 (Sw
 And sent to be devoured by the Sea,
 Had stir'd Revenge in any other Breast,
 Thou only couldst the charming Ill resist.
 For far less Crimes than these, in former Days
 Neglected Heroes would their Cities raise.
 But, like *Rome's* guardian Angel, you return
 To quench those Flames, which would thy Coun
 (try bur
 And save their Lives, who just before had sent
 Their great Defender, into Banishment.
 But if from *Jove*, or Heav'n you come, what Place
 What People ; vile enough to own a Race,
 Whose dire Ingratitude has been so base?
 In Woods, where none but Savages abide,
 The *English* still should with the Herd reside.

With shame we own, when the Rebellious S
 strove with the Land, which most should disobey

We thought thou hadst been guilty of the Crimes,
Of which thou stoodst accused by the Times:
But when the Shipwreck'd Vessel, safely sent
Her Prize ashore, we call'd thee Innocent.
When the Viper seiz'd th' Apostle's Hand,
The barbarous People on *Melita's* Strand,
Concluded him a Murtherer, but when
Fearless, they saw him shake it off again;
They said he was from God, nor less may we
Ascribe, of his Omnipotence, to thee,
Who in the scanty Space of three years Reign,
Hast done what Ages labour'd at in vain.
And made a most rebellious Land, till now,
To thee, as thou dost to thy Idols, bow.

Let lesser Charmers, such as *Orpheus*, force
Mountains to move, and Rivers change their
(Course,
Thou, by thy Sweeter Harmony, canst make
Obstinate Man, his long-lov'd ways forsake;

And

128 *Military Poems, &c.*

And, in Compliance to what you Command,
Unite at last, a poor distracted Land.

Hadst thou at *Babel* been, when that proud Dan
Conspir'd, against the Universal Frame;
Some other Art the Godhead must have found
Her impious Machinations to confound,
For where thou art, such Union dwells in thee
There can no Discord, or Confusion be.

Then prosperous in thy great Attempt, go on
And what thou thinkst not, may there come the

So the wise Husbandman, with pleasure sees
The daily Toil, and Labour of his Bees,
And tho' at first, through different Paths they
Stray,

Each, as it finds the most convenient way,
At Night, He knows that they must all arrive
And give a true Account unto the Hive.

On his Progress into the West.

NOW rose the Sun and *James*, the Sun to free
The World from Night, and *James* from
Slavery,
Greater than which this Nation ne'er besel,
Since the proud Conqueror rung the Curfu Bell.
What Blessings on that Monarch's Head must fall,
Who, what he knows himself, imparts to all?
And, free from all those Tyes that clog a Throne,
Would make his Peoples Conscience like his own;
Which great Design the better to Effect,
He chuses out a Part of every Sect;
Who, waiting on his Royal Pleasure, move
From Town to Town, to gain the Peoples Love.
So the late *Turk*, with forty Thousand Men,
Beat the whole Country round for Game, and
when

K

He

He had hemm'd them up in some convenient
Plain,

Let go his Hounds, and stood to see them slain

AN ELEGY

To be written on his Tomb-stone.

WHen *Rome* had all her Worthies slain,
No Tomb-stone was to tell
Whose Body 'twas it did contain,
Or how the Hero fell.

Left, when their ancient Friends pass'd by,

They should repine to see,

Such Worth in Dust and Ashes lie,

And curse Mortality.

III.

Then *England*, in Oblivion drown

The Name of thy late Chief,

For too much Joy has oft been found
As bad, as too much Grief.

On the Death of the late Earl of
Roscommon.

YE liquid Streams that flow from *Helicon*,
And fructifie the Soil o'er which ye glide,

O may the next refulgent Sun
Exhale, or stop the Current of your Tide;
For whither, whither will ye run,
Since that vast Sea, which held ye all, is dry'd?

Henceforth shall all those mighty Torrents cease,

Which daily flow'd from your abundant Store,
For he who taught to calm and raise,

To loose, or to confine within a Shore,

132 *Military Poems, &c.*

Wit, the most Turbulent of Seas,
Lies now unable to direct ye more.

III.

Imperious Death, who throws her Darts at all
And proudly Executes her rigid Trust;
Who does both Shrub and Cedar fall,
And favours not the Valiant, nor the Just;
Nor with a Splendid Funeral,
Has laid this charming Hero in the Dust.

IV.

Sweetly he Sung the Upright Man's Estate,
Free from those Dangers which he bad pursue
Which while he seems to imitate,
Each little Part is drawn so lively true,
So graceful, and so fortunate,
It does the great Original out-doe.

V.

Then hence, proud Foe, thou may'st thy Captive
lead,
And boast the Victory, which now you gain,

For know, when thy *Lernean* Breed,
When all thy *Earthly Combatants* are slain,
Nay even when thou thy Self art Dead,
This smallest Part unblemish'd shall remain.

*On the General-Officers Plundring in
Ireland.*

WHEN the old crafty *Carthaginian* found
Rome's Warrior Consul had him in a Pound,
Alighted Torch to every Ox's Horn
He ty'd, and made them march as his *Horde*;
Into the Air their flaming Heads they toss,
And drove the frighted *FABIUS* from his Post;
What sav'd him then, had now his Ruin been,
And prov'd the only Means to hem him in;
For wheresoe'er these deadly Foes appear,
The Scourge of *Rome's* a School-boy to *LANIER*,

A PROLOGUE, Intended for SOCRATES's Triumphant.

LONG time has our unhappy Stage lain under
The Nation's Censure, and the Church
Thunder,
As if the Sins and the Lewdness of the Time
Proceeded all from her prophaner Rhimes;
When if the Truth religiously were known,
(For all's not Gospel that comes from the Gown)
Would And the Stage corrupted by the Town.
And the true Cause (because you cannot refine
Good Plays) that we present you with such hellish
To day we bring a Hero to your View,
Who will the Truth of this Assertion shew;
For if you with your usual Coldness sit,
And, as you kiss your Wives, you praise our
Wit,
Twill then be plain, that nothing but Grimace
Or Fulsome Baudery can please this Place.

But if with Claps, and Plaudits you receive
All the wise Sayings of our matchless Brave;
The Poet then the Parson's Charge shall own,
And crave at Tyburn Absolution.

A Hero, you dread Bullies of the Town,
Who never had a Quarrel of his own,
And yet, whene'er his Country claim'd his Aid,
The good old Man went out unpres'd, unpaid,
But never ty'd a Napkin round his Head.

A Nice Man, you fine scented things, call'd Beaus,
Who never spent a Moment on his Cloaths.

Yet O! unheard of, took more pains about
His Inside, than you all do of the Out;

A wise Man, Dames, who, tho' he had a Wife,
Found out a way to lead an easie Life;

And tho' she had a most outrageous Tongue,
Fancy'd, when e'er she scolded, that she Sung.

Strange Power of Wildom, Friends, * Ah Nancy,
Nancy,

What would your Husband give for such a Fancy?

* Pointing to the middle Gallery.

A Learn'd Man, Priests, who question'd all he met
Without Respect to either Rich, or Great;
Attack'd a Statesman in the Market Place,
And if (as ten to one) he found him base,
Wou'd call him Rogue and Rascal to his Face
And never mince the matter for his Grace.
Ask a great Lady, in the open Streets,
If she had e're defil'd her Husband's sheets?
And if he found, that she had stain'd her Honour
Wou'd cry a Rat, and set the Mob upon her.
Well, Heav'n be prais'd, he lives not in this Age
To the Subversion both of State and Stage,
For shou'd he in our Days come from the Grave,
Enquire who were Wise, and who were Brave,
What a thin Pit shou'd we poor Players have.
Nay more, and Catechise the Ladies too,
The Stage might be a Church, and every Box
a Pew.

A PINDARIQUE ODE,

On the taking of Namur.

I.

TIS easie, with a prosperous Gale,
 For a weak Ship to gain her Port,
 O'er a smooth Water proudly Sail,
 And with the Name of Danger sport,
 But when surrounded all with Rocks;
 We hear the stormy Winds arise,
 And the dreadful Billows roar,
 As if they meant to keep from Shore
 The louder Sailors Cries,
 When Heaven and Earth seem to Combine,
 And in poor Man's Destruction joyn,
 When nought but Shipwreck round him lies,
 And horrid Darkness spreads it self all o'er
 The Pilate's surest Card, the Skies,

Then

138 *Military Poems, &c.*

Then for to steer a Course aright,
Smile at the Malice of the Sea,
Weather the Danger of the Night,
And calmly wait approaching Day,
To all unbiass'd Men, must shew
The height of Skill and Courage too,

II.

When in a Simile all Parts consent,
How easie does the Application fall;
The Reader's Thoughts the Writers hast prevent
The Inference is so natural.
The more depress'd, the higher still to rise,
And set united Kingdoms free
From some proud Tyrant's Slavery,
Are Qualities
Not incident, but so innate, with thee,
That should some common Painter draw
A Hero, fighting for the Law,

By Multitudes at first run down,
Yet still resist,
And in unequal Fight persist,
Until at length he bore away the Crown,
And but a Boy espy the Piece,
He'd straitways cry,
So well thy Character is known,
Or Vertue, or King WILLIAM'S this.

III.

As for those other Votaries of Fame,
Who still in Story such a Figure make,
That almost all, till now, that follow'd them,
Do but the Gleanings of their Praise partake;
And stand as Foils on old Time's Score,
To set her Worthies off the more,
One single Vertue serv'd to raise,
And to Posterity transmit.

The

The almost barren Hero's Praise,
 Who else had dy'd for want of it.
 Thus ARISTIDES his sole JUSTICE made
 His Fellow-Citizens revere,
 And after Death pay to his Shade
 The Honours that were only due to her.
 So the two famous Chieftains of the World,
 Who all things in Confusion hurl'd,
 And by their too too eager Haste,
 In the wild Chaos lost themselves at last,
 Are to succeeding Ages shewn,
 As Instances of Bravery alone;
 But you and her, by the same Mark, we know
 Oppress'd, the greater still you grow.

IV.

Not to recount what you endur'd before,
 You, with your Presence, grac'd our *English* Shore

And set three wretched Kingdoms free,
Not from some simple slight Disease,
But from the worst of Bondages,
From a Religious Slavery.

How bravely bold, when all Men thought
our Fortunes to the lowest Ebb were brought,
You, with your Courage, forc'd even those,
Whom want of Judgment made your Foes;
To call their exil'd Hero home,
To drive away the Gauls from Rome;
But what you since for us have done,
And not for us alone,
Europe first ador'd her Rising Sun.

V.

How Battel after Battel lost,
THRASIMENE did TREBIA once succeed,
And fatal CANNE saw a Host

142 *Military Poems, &c.*

Of forty thousand *Romans* bleed ;
 You, like that Noble **SENATE**, stood,
 Unmov'd with such a Sea of Blood,
 And with an Aspect as Serene,
 Dispensing of thy dread Commands,
 As if thou hadst the Victor been,
 And all thy Foes in Bands.
 But a few Days, and at the lowest Spoke
 Of Fortune's Wheel the noble Hero lay,
 And with him, *Europe* trembling at the Yoke
 Of an Imperious haughty Tyrant's Sway;
 By labouring Vertue, turn'd about,
 See where Triumphant now he rides,
 Casting around to find those out,
 Whom Fear of him alas! in Earth's dark Bow
 hides.

VL

As when some haughty, proud, ill-natur'd Fa-
 ?ols by a brave, a generous Youth pursu'd,

first she Eyes him with a Scornful Air,
And seems, against her Inclinations, rude;
The Truth of his past Vows to prove,
She puts his Soul to pain;
And try the Firmness of his Love,
She shakes him with Disdain;
When she finds that Heart and Tongue agree,
And both confirm a matchless Constancy;
She leaves her dear Hypocrisie aside,
And yields, whene'er he please, to be his Bride,
Fortune, by thy late Atchievements won,
Tho' she at first seem'd to affect the Frown,
And did with Scorn on thy great Acts look
down,
Yet, ravish'd with fresh Tidings of thy Fame,
Which like a Storm from every quarter came,
And forc'd her to confess what thou hadst done,
Thus, to her self, Repenting, made her Moan.
Blind

VII.

Blind, like the rest of the dear Sex, till now,
I did on Fools bestow,
Laurels, the juster Fates would not allow
On any other Brow,
But my lov'd Conqueror's, to grow;
But O! to recompence, I'll give thee more,
Than e'er I gave a Favourite before,
Take, my *Pelæan* Youth, she cry'd,
Take from the Arms of thy now promis'd Br
As a Reward of thy Desert,
And a dear Pledge of that which nothing sh
divide,
I give thee Huy as my Hand, NAMUR shall
my Heart.

VIII.

She said, and lo! the Fame-sick Lover flies,
Swifter than *Hermes* through the Skies,
When by the Father of the Gods he's sent
From Heaven to Earth with a Portent,

To take possession of this wondrous Prize,
 And after, at his lov'd Command,
 A small, but O! a dreadful Band,
 Impatient of Delay,
 March Night and Day,
 As the great Hebrew once through the Red Sea,
 To see the promis'd Land,
 We March and see, alas! but scarce believe our
 Eyes,

IX.

Mountains, by Nature inaccessible,
 By Art to that Perfection brought,
 That what was Sung of Troy of Old,
 How Mercenary Gods, for Gold,
 Came down, and with their own Hands
 wrought,
 We here, not Fiction, but as real thought,
 We thought the Place design'd by Jove,
 To keep him some terrestrial Love

L

From

From the wild Fury of his jealous Queen above

What will our General, do we cry,

When he on Earth can find no Foes,

His Matchless Valour to oppose,

Will he go War it with the Skie?

Vast as his Courage is, profound his Wit,

We know,

And therefore chearfully submit,

And long for nothing but to see the Foe.

X.

In vain alas! to Mother Earth they fly

For shelter, when thy Troops draw nigh,

And on their Works, more than their Hearts

Relay;

Open as Innocence we go,

Both to attack, and find the Foe,

When Nassau leads, what dare not English do

XI.

But here my Muse divert thy easie Flight,
And leave thy bold Besiegers for a while,
Stretching like Lyons e'er they fight,
And grumbling e'er they Spoil,
To sing the famousest Retreat,
That ever sav'd an Army yet ;
Our other Hope by Multitudes out-done,
Whilst the insulting Foe around them lay,
And waited only for the rising Sun,
To give them time enough to Slay ;
So fearful were they, lest th' Approaching Night,
E'er drunk with Blood, should part the Fray,
And put an end to the unequal Fight,
They halted, for the coming of the Day,
By their great Leader's matchless Skill,
When no Man hop'd for ought but Die or Kill,
Were conjur'd out of Sight.

XII.

Then since no Pinions can pursue,
 Immortal Heights, nor give him half his due;
 Here thy great Sister Art Address;
 Who knows but a bold Stroke of hers may do,
 What Tongue's not able to express.

Let *Xenophon* be at a distance shewn,

Admiring greater VAUDEMONT;

But that Design's alas, too gross,

And would be to thy Hero's loss;

To shew the Fineness of the Scape,

Bid her draw *Juno* (when pursu'd

By *Ixion*) turn'd into a Cloud,

And *Jove* a smiling at the Rape.

MONARCH, henceforth, all thy vain Hopes lay
 down,

That Day thou miss'd a Universal Crown;

Assure as *Carthage* in *Metaurus* fell,

The hopes of *France* were ruin'd at *Arfel*.

Never

Never, since Story could relate,
Was read of such a clean Retreat,
Nor in War's dark and dismal Trade,
Was ever such a Faux Pafs made,
Since *Hanibal* at *Capua* lay,
And gave the Empire of the World away.

XIII.

As in Old Times, the Sons of Fame,
When some unlook'd for Succours came;
And, in the midst of their Distress,
The Gods had bless'd them with Success,
The grateful Hero scorn'd for to return
Them Words for Deeds, or idely Burn
A few fond Tapers to their Praise,
As mean-soul'd Slaves do now a-days;
Of both their Foes whole Hecatombs they Slew
And on their bending Altars laid.

To shew them worthy of their Aid,
 And others what they ought to do ;
 So for our Friends Deliverance,
 A mighty Offering we prepare,
 High as the Heaven's self to rear,
 Made Rich, and incens'd with the Blood of
France.

XIV.

And now behold the dreadful Scene begin,
 The neighb'ring Mountains quake for Fear
 We from their deep Foundations tear
 Their aged Roots, and pile them up in Air ;
 Fancy the Earth's bold Sons again draw nigh,
 And from their Tops hope to invade the Skie,
 Whilst the loud Cannon from the Town,
 Proclaim our haughty coming down ;
 Resolv'd to die, or in ;
 The treacherous and unnatural Earth,

Who

Who, one would think, shou'd doat on so much
Worth,
Breaks as we March in black Irruptions forth,
And Murders those to whom she first gave Birth;
So fiery red the Face of Heaven appear'd,
You'd think the angry Brothers Pray'rs were heard,
And that the Saviour of Mankind,
Had now the Ruin of the whole design'd,
And given consent to glut the hungry Fates;
Yet still undaunted on we go,
Tho' all above, and all below,
Seem to conspire with the Foe,
And drive them headlong to their very Gates.

XV.

Well might they think themselves secure,
And seem at first to slight our dreadful Peals,
When under ground the burning *Aetna* steals,
To guard the great *NAMUR*;

In vain alas! for had Hell slept between,
 Rather than not have gone were you design'd,
 Or cowardly have lodg'd behind,
 We like *Empedocles* had in.
 I came, I saw, I overcame,
 The mighty *Julius* to *Antitus* writ,
 To shew at once his Courage, and his Wit,
 And was himself the Trumpet to his Fame.
 What had he said, if he, like thee,
 Had routed those he could not see?
 Words had been wanting to express
 The haughty Conqueror's Success:
 But you, like Vertue, all such Thoughts discard
 Content, like her, to be thy own Reward.

XVI.

The Sun, that sets in Clouds to Night,
 May the next Morning rise more bright,

Again

Military Poems, &c. 153

Again his fruitful Spouse caress,
And rise and set in her Embrace;
But we, when once Death draws his purple
Scene,

Must never never see this World again;
And yet, as gay as him we go,
To meet this grim and dreadful Foe.
Youth, that scarce knew the Sweets of Life,
And but just entering into Man,
So little value We our Span,
With as much Art dress'd for the Fight,
As Bridegrooms on the Wedding Night,
For that strange thing call'd Wife.
Well did the noble *Maro* feign
The most exalted Seats of Bliss for those
Who for their Country's sake are slain,
Or for the Publick do their Lives expose.
But O! what Angels must come down,
And to th' admiring World reveal,

What

134 *Military Poems, &c.*

What Mansions are reserv'd for thee,
Who fly'st the Pleasures of a Crown,
And toil'st to set another free?
Thou great Preserver of whole EUROPE's Com-
mon-weal,

XVII.

Flush'd with Success, if Cowards fight,
And Women fly to Arms,
Heaven must be ravish'd with the Sight,
When Fortune *Englist* Valour warms,
What Mortals could we did perform ;
But what can weak Mortality ?
The Violenter still the Storm,
The shorter will its Fury be ;
If in the most delicious Field,
That ever Mortals met,
Where they that get the better yield,
And O! the Vanquish'd long once more
To Fight the charming Battel o'er,

Tho

Tho' certain to be beat.

the briskest, bravest, boldest there,

Against their Wills, are forc'd to wait,

Till Nature does their Loss repair,

And kindly helps them out again,

To shew themselves the Sons of Men;

No wonder if we halt awhile,

Where all is Danger, Pain, or Toil,

Where, when the Soldier once is Slain,

No Charms can bring him back again.

XVIII.

The Ground we purchas'd with our Blood,

With Pleasure we survey;

And with nocturnal Works make good

The Conquest of the Day.

That done, like vigorous Lovers, on again we
fall,

New Worlds of Bliss and Victory to explore,

Instead

Tho

156 *Military Poems, &c.*

Instead of *Mars*, on *Nassau's* Name we call,
And fight as if we long'd to be no more;
From Heaven in Showers Death descends;
And what escapes the unrelenting Skies,
The barbarous Earth, to Heaven sends,
And offers back as Sacrifice;
'Tis downright Terror, by this Light,
Not knowing where 'tis We design,
The Elements, all in a Fright,
Do with the routed Foe Combine.
Back, *Hermes*, to the Skies and tell
Th' astonish'd Gods, that he
That fights to set another free,
And stands the Scourge of Tyranny,
Will ne'er against their Sacred Power rebel.

Military Poems, &c. 157

XIX.

ex'd, that a second Time they're forc'd to fly,
See what Drunkenness can do, they cry,
And poorly unto Wine impute,
Our being so very resolute,
To that Excess of Soul we fight,
And put whate'er we meet to Flight ;
They think no God, but *Bacchus*, can
To that Degree exalt a Man ;
Drunk with Honour, Drunk with Fame,
Drunk with our Country's Love, and God-like
Nassau's Name ;

If Drunkenness can from these proceed,
We are Mad and Drunken Souls indeed,

XX.

ot Lovers, when th' appointed Hour draws
nigh,
And some unlook'd for Accident has staid
The Staggering half Distracted Maid,
Wreck'd betwixt Hope and Fear ;

Nor

158 *Military Poems, &c.*

Nor Heirs Presumptive, when th' Apparent li
Upon the point to Die ;

With that Impatience wait,

Those for the Union of a happy Pair,

And these the last convulsive strokes of Fate,

As a true *Briton*, when his Country's Fame

Is touch'd, and can't revenge the same,

All Things uneasy seem, even Light,

That first great Work of the All-wise,

Proves harsh and painful to the Sight,

And in its Room we long for Night,

The Deprivation of our Eyes ;

Nature her self Convulsions feels,

And, wounded in her Noblest Part, she feels

The Sun stands still, nor will he drive

His Chariot on,

Tho' drove that Day by *Phaeton*,

While one Prophanè is left alive.

XXI.

He stands, and O ! the second Sight,
That e'er He stood to see,
Out-does the first as far,
Tho' famous that for Bravery,
As does that beauteous Queen of Night,
Or his more gay diffusive Light,
The Paleness of a Star.

Death in ten thousand Forms appears,
And every Form a horrid Aspect wears.

Front, Flanks, and Rear,

No Part is free,

From the new God's Ubiquity

Almighty Tyrant rages every where.

Here had the great *Achilles* fought,

The *Stygian* Dip had been in vain,

Where the indulgent Father thought

him most secure, He soonest had been Slain.

Once

XXII.

Once more, dumb Poësie, assume
 The tir'd talking Painter's Room;
 And in the midst of all the Fire,
 Let *Nassau* and his Braves be seen,
 In spight of Death, still forcing in,
 While trembling *Gauls* retire:
 They yield, they yield, nor dare they stay
 To tempt the Fury of another Day,
 To *Europe's* Saviour they the Town resign,
 And own, to their sad Cost, true Courage ne
 no Wine.

When Earth's bold Sons attempted to dethrone
 The Gods, 'tis Sign the *English* were not known
 For had they been, (throu
 They ne'er had Mountains upon Mount
 But wing'd with Victory directly Flown,
 And, spight of *Mars*, have enter'd in.
 Who e'er commands the *British* Race,
 'Tis only pointing to a place;
 And pointing, 'tis his own,

On Liberty of Conscience.

LET costive Slaves implore *Lucina's* Aid,
 To bring their labouring Fancies safe to Bed;
 And, like *Prometheus*, steal to Heaven for Fire,
 Their dull and lifeless Subjects to inspire;
 No Midnight Desir, do thou, my Muse,
 Invoke to aid thy Travails, or excuse
 Thy Want of Strength; for if the Thing of which
 Thou treat'st, be in it self sublime and rich,
 And unconfin'd, the Fault must needs be thine,
 If, like thy Theme, thy Numbers an't divine.

But O in vain! in an unlearned Tongue,
 I fear thou try'st to fix a lasting Song;
 And please the present Genius of the Times,
 Corrupted by the Barbarous Use of Rhimes;

M

Not

182 *Military Poems, &c.*

Not but thy Subject, tho' the Language were
 More scanty, and the Customs more severe;
 Has in it self sufficient to defray
 Thy Reader's Cost, and with full Interest pay
 Whate'er Thou canst expend; for she, where'er
 She glides, like *Nile*, enriches all that's near;
 Or that thou couldst, with the like Current, flow
 As various, and yet as harmonious too;
 The Heavens themselves would stop their row-
 ing Spheres,
 To listen to a Sweeter Sound than theirs:
 And well they may, for since they first began
 Their Course, and in that Circular Order ran
 No sort of Adoration has been known,
 More consonant to the great Three in One;
 Than this, wherein, after different Ways,
 We invoke their Mercy, and extol their Praise
 Nor has the great Avenger ever shewn
 A higher Instance of his Terroure on;

Military Poems, &c. 163

A Sinner yet, than on that Villain, who
His better Brother for Religion slew;
Curst from his Face, the Parricide he sent
To wander out a tedious Banishment;
Hated by all, yet not allow'd to be
Destroy'd, Protected by his Infamy;
Till tir'd at last, his branded Carcass fell
A Prey to Beasts, and his black Soul to Hell.

Frighted at this, succeeding Ages gave,
And wisely kept unto themselves the Leave
Of Offering to their Maker, what each thought,
Of the whole Herd, the fittest to be brought:
Thus, whether Firstling Kid, or Yearling Lamb,
The Fatted Bullock, or the Horned Ram;
Was by the humble Sacrificer lain,
Before the burning Altar to be slain;
Kindly he did the Free-will Offering take,
And no Man perish'd for his Conscience sake;

Till Priests, and Priest-rid Monarchs, by their
Pride,

And baser Avarice, poorly led aside ;

First made Religion, which on Earth should be

The strongest Tie of Love and Unity,

The great Dissolver of our Charity,

And Cause of all our Woes for from them came

Those various Feuds which now so much inflame

The angry World, and rend the troubled Skies

With the sad Sound of persecuted Cries ;

For Kings, when they to Tyranny incline,

Cry up the Priesthood, as a Right Divine ;

That when they break the Laws, themselves

Subject to none but the Divinity : (may be

Thus, while they mutually oppress the Land,

The People, who at first both Powers ordain'd,

Not to enslave them, but to execute

Those Laws, which joyntly all should constitute,

By Treasons here, and Fictitious Tales to come,

Kept in Obedience, to they know not whom,

Yield

Yield an implicit Faith to what they say,
And not their Conscience, but the Priest obey.
Which ill got Power the better to maintain,
Or slacken, as he please to hold the Rein;
Tho' Mercy's seldom try'd, for Priests of Course,
When Reason fails, have their Retreat to Force,
He makes himself a Member of the Throne,
And with his Master's Cause involves his own,
Well may they cry no Bishop, and no Crown,
And when they fall, that Monarchy must down;
For, as the World has been abus'd of late,
The Church is held Superior to the State.
But would the Prince espouse his Peoples Cause,
And rule according to our juster Laws,
The high-flown Priest, like *Icarus*, may leave
A fatal Name to his untimely Grave.
And yet the King, like the wise Father keep,
A Mean, and scape the Danger of the Deep.

But here some mercenary Slave, who deals
 Religion out by Parcels, and retails
 The Sacred Rites, that when we long to Eat,
 He may uphold them at a dearer Rate,
 May chance t' object, that should the Laws dis-
 pense

A Total Liberty of Conscience,
 A thousand Upstart Sects would daily rise,
 Rending the Church with monstrous Heresies,
 And in a little time Confusion bring,
 Not only on the Bishops, but the King;
 Who now compell'd, by penal Laws, to own
 Themselves to be of one Religion,
 Draw the same way, and quietly submit,
 Their private Thoughts to what the Church
 thinks fit,

We grant indeed, were the Objection true,
 And that we found such Penalties would do,

Some

Some Reasons may be offer'd to deny
The giddy Populace their Liberty;
Tho' Force ev'n on the vilest sort, the Crowd,
In Points of Faith, shou'd never be allow'd;
For how can any Man pretend to be
Of this or that Perswasion, who's not free
To be of what he pleases. Was it thus
Our Blessed Saviour first Converted us?

He preach'd the Word of Life, and where God
gave

The Grace, or Reason drew Men to believe;
For some by that were led, with Pains and Care,
And wholesom Principles he strove to rear
The tender Plant, and teach it how to bear;
But, amongst all his Methods, was not known
To owe a Convert to Compulsion;
Tis true indeed, he often mentions Hell,
And threatens those that cease not to do ill,

168 *Military Poems, &c.*

With Fire and Flames, and dreadful Pains to come,
But tortur'd no Man here, as thou, O Rome!
And others since, to the Eternal Shame
And Scandal of that once most holy Name,
Tho' now abhorr'd for its Professors sakes,
Most barbarously have done, at Trees and Stakes,
Baiting their Fellow Christians worse than he,
Whose Name's a *Metaphor* for Tyranny.

To One who ask'd him why he stoop'd so

(Field)
AS when a neighbouring Brook o'erflows
Of standing Corn, the mighty Ears must
yeild,
And bow their Heads before the silent Stream,
Thenceforth unable to recover them;
So where Love once has the Dominion gain'd,
The Wretch that has its fatal Power sustain'd,
Droops all his Days, and in continual Strife
Consumes the poor Remainder of his Life.

*The Mayor of Waterford, or a
Satyr against Hypocrites.*

Gypt, no more shall thy mad Worship be,
The Theme and Wonder of Posterity ;
Hence, by Confession of thy Foes, we find
thy Zeal was Honest, tho' thy Faith was Blind ;
And the dread Leek, to whom the Morning
see
pay thy Vows, at Night too had thy
Knee ;
For didst thou poorly, for the sake of Gain,
thy God, with different Worships Entertain ;
One Day salute him on thy bended Knee,
and sitting next affront his Majesty ;
Or if thou did'st, yet still thy Prudence chose
Deity, on whom thou might'st impose :

But

170 *Military Poems, &c.*

But here's a Sert of Villains, who pretend
T'adore a God whose Wisdom has no End,
In Power Almighty, Infinite in Time,
And sees the very Embrio of a Crime;
Yet for Dominion's sake, and lov'd Command
In Hopes the Saints may one day Rule the Land
The cursed Hypocrites their Souls disguise,
And madly hope to palm on the All-wise.

Thou God, that Locust upon Locust sent,
To force a harden'd Sinner to repent;
And when he would not let thy Chosen go,
Sent him and his to meet thy Wrath below:
Was the detaining of thy Flock a while,
A Sin so heinous in it self and vile?
Or a few Strawless Bricks, fit to compare
With Crimes like these? or *Pharaoh* with o
He openly thy Messengers deny'd; (Mayo
And when by Miracles, his Faith thou try'd,
Shew'd Trick for Trick, and did thy Power
deride.

Military Poems, &c. 171

ill, Female like, uncertain what to do,
The Moment Ay he said, and next cry'd No;
To consent at last, but all this Time,
Heer made thee an Accomplice in his Crime;
Sent with them to the Wilderness to pray,
That thou would'st drown them all in the Red
Sea;
He begg'd thee to extirpate thy own Race,
And plant his Sun-burnt Devils in their Place:
This lewd Heathen does, whose daily Sport
To subvert the Church, he should Support.
Lord, I beseech thee, sanctify my Crimes,
And pardon my Compliance with the Times;
Since what I do's more out of Zeal to thee,
My God, thou know'st, than Benefit to me.
The Rogue, that stiles himself a Babe of Grace,
Says Yea and Nay, and cheats me to my Face,
Compared with this, is honest, and deserves
Millions of Blessings, where the other starves;

For

172 · *Military Poems, &c.*

For in the Path, where his Fore-fathers trod,
And their Damnation met, He seeks his God
Blindly he gropes, it's true; but if there's none
But Men of Sense to fill th' Eternal Throne;
The Number of the Non-Cons is so small,
Elijah's Chariot would contain them all;
And, if what Fame report of them be true,
Chance to leave room enough for *Asgil* too.

Hard by those Banks, where the Shore's happy
Streams,

Daily behold the Angel of my Dreams,
And as they glide in curl'd Meanders by,
Do all the Rivers of the Earth defy,
To shew her Fellow for true Piety,
There stands a Reverend Dome, where twice

Day

The Heavenly Beauty steals unseen to pray,
And beg of the Almighty Power to make
Her Form less fatal, for her Lover's sake;
There, as you enter, rang'd on either Hand,
In comely Order, all her *Levites* stand,

Military Poems, &c. 173

between whose awful Persons, and the Throne,
where *Nathan's* Eloquence subscribes to none:
Oh me! that I should say there stands a Seat,
once happy in a lawful Magistrate;
But now a Spectre, paler than his Rod,
like *Satan* mingled with the Sons of God,
surps the Place, and once a Week prophanes,
their hallow'd Rites, with his unhallow'd Strains;
Like their Phiz, their Errands both the same,
both to tempt the Lord against his Servants
came.

Stretch but thy Hand once more, the Viper cries,
against this Pride, this Darling of thy Eyes,
this patient *Grizel*, so renown'd in Song,
for mild Obedience, and for bearing long,
her Tithes sequester, and her Sons displace,
if she don't abjure thee, to thy Face,
in her Sister's Idols to her Aid,
and change thee for a foolish Bit of Bread,

May

174 *Military Poems, &c.*

May py'd Episcopacy sway the Throne,
And damn the Memory of Forty One.

How calm the Elements? how still the Air
No red hot Bolt, nor swifter Lightning near
When will it Thunder, if it now be clear!

As Rivers, when their Course on Earth is done
Do all, at length, into one Ocean run;
There, as th' All-wise thinks fit, their Force
joyn,

The wanton *Barrow*, and the famous *Boyn*;
The *Boyn*, that since her Hero's Death, has
More Tears, than his ungrateful Subjects
And pin'd to that Degree, the noblest Stream
That ever ran's now nothing but a Name;
So they of every Sect, whose Lives have been
As free, as Frailty would permit, from Sin
Done nought through Malice, as *Othello* say
But now and then stray'd out of Vertue's Way

at the last Day, when the great God, that tries
the Heart, and scorns all other Sacrifice,
e All Sinners home, shall as much Mercy find,
near some, whose Lives perhaps were more refin'd,
d hit the streight by chance, in spite of thee;
his, proud *Egyptian*, is, and this shall be
is dying Creed, nor shall thy narrower Soul,
e Dictates of a Nobler far controul.
Po at a loath'd Hypocrite, whom God declares
ven when with Mercy cloath'd, He never spares;
yn Who with his Maker lies upon the lurch,
has d breeds for Gold a Schism in his Church,
its fear that one should fail, secures two Posts,
rea d cants and juggles with the Lord of Hosts,
ne ; o Land could Parallel, nor Age Record,
bec ll Hell produc'd *Will. W——s of Waterford.*

*On Captain Lewis's throwing himself
on his Sword; being defied by
Friend to say any thing in Vindi-
cation of him.*

THUS Brutus fell, thus Caro dy'd, and
Dare blame the Man, that does their S
pursue?

The two best Patriots that the World e'er b
When they perceiv'd all hopes of Freedom o
This healing Med'cine to their Griefs apply
And, to prevent all farther Trouble, Dy'd.
Then why may'nt we (when loaded so with C
That Life becomes a Tyranny to bear)
Make use of all the Arts we can, to free
Our little Commonwealths from Slavery.

on a Wager laid by two of their Officers, Whether Alexander the Great, or Julius Caesar was our Saviour?

THAT *Julius Caesar* was not He,
The military World agree;
Because He offer'd to disband,
When *Pompey* quitted his Command.
But *Alexander*, we all know,
Refus'd to let his Soldiers go;
And vow'd they ne'er should part, till Death
Depriv'd, or him, or them of Breath.
May tho' the Rogues themselves were willing,
He made them stick to lifting Shilling.
Then, Gentiles, I appeal to you,
Which was our Saviour of the two.

The Winner, on the going away of the Loser.

I Always told him so, but He,
Would never be convinc'd by me;
Strange, that you should have the Power,
To bring about that in an Hour;
Which I have been labouring all my Life,
To confute *Tom* of, and his Wife.
Honest Tom, has but one Fault,
Tom is a little obstinate;
For if he once says ay, or no,
Tho' false as Hell, he'll have it so.
Whereas if any one, as you,
Do me a better Reason shew,
The Argument is at an end,
I hate for Trifles to contend.

To a Friend, who told him he believ'd he was mistaken, and that it was James, and not Tom, that had laid the Wager with Harry.

TWAS *Tom* indeed, *James* it could not,
 For *James* by Nation was a *Scot*;
 And of that Nation, Scribes record,
 That no Men better ken the Lord.
 Or teach their Children, to read o'er
 The Duties of Religion, more
 Than Red-beards Race; but when they have done,
 They charge them not to practise one.

To a Tory, censuring his Grace the D. of Newcastle.

YOU say, a noble Lord should not appear
 In Things, so much beneath his Character.
 Drink with the Mob; and hollow as they cry
 Long live King *GEORGE*, and let Rogue *Robert* die:
 I say, in doing so, He shews more Sense,
 Than *Walpool*, in his noblest Eloquence.

Poets, and Braves, will to the Brave still run;
Jack Straw's Descendants, are for *Jack Straw's* Son.

The Platonic Lovers.

I.

LET those whom beastly Passions move,
 And talk of the Laws of Nature,
 To Day run mad for the Woman they love,
 And to Morrow more truly hate her.

II.

Before no Earthly Cost's too great,
 Of the choicest of Fowls, or Fishes;
 But the Knot once ty'd, poor Spouse is oft set
 To the cleaning of the Dishes.

III.

Whilst we, who *Plato's* Laws revere,
 And never once think of Bedding,
 Are the only Persons can truly swear
 We never repent our Wedding.

Lewis

Lewis XIV. to Marshal Villeroy, that it was
Time to think of Death, in the 77th Year of
his Age.

WELL, my old Fellow-Labourer in Sin,
'Tis now high Time, I find it, to begin
To think of Heaven in earnest; and lay by
This Flesh, to put on Immortality.
For whatsoe'er my Flatterers heretofore,
Amus'd me with, 'tis plain, I am no more
Than Man, than Man even in his worst Estate,
When left by Heaven to be the Sport of Fate.
That Twitch confirms my Thought; when all *Alsace*,
Was in one dreadful and continued Blaze;
I never felt the like; a second Peal!
I own, I own, I did unjustly steal
The whole, and therefore let it be restor'd
Immediately, unto the Lawful Lord:

For all the World I would not undergo
Another such intollerable Throw;
A third! a third! send *Torcy* to *Lorrain*,
And bid him give back every Foot again,
I'll not reserve an Inch; my Bowels sure
A more than civil War within endure.
Let *Villars* instantly to *Flanders* fly,
There's no dissembling with the Deity.
Time was, when Tyrants went as gently down
As they who lawfully possess the Crown;
And Villains died as peaceably, as they,
Who did the Laws of God and Man obey,
But now these saucy Devils come before
Their Time, to plague us for our unjust Pow'r,
And the irremeable River bring,
To swallow *Europe's* once most potent King.
Curse of that Rogue *Colbert*, 'twas he who first
(Of my poor Neighbour's Goods) encreas'd my Third

And made me madly in my Youth believe,

'Twas lawful for a Monarch to deceive.

But damn'd, and doubly damn'd be vile *Louvois*,

Who let me, those that fought for me, destroy;

A Wretch like me, the Damn'd themselves ne'er knew,

Who caus'd his False Men to root out the True.

In *Abraham's* Bosom, see where *Quesnel* lies,

And turns away from me those glorious Eyes,

Whose powerful Rays, had drain'd the Gulph between

My God and me, and let some Comfort in.

What! not one Glass of Water? for the Great

Immortal Man, whose Statues aw'd the State,

And in Canals, and Aqueducts, spent more,

Than yearly would have fed ten thousand Poor.

No not a Drop, the good Things thou enjoy'd

In Life, for ever have thy Peace destroy'd.

And of all those, who ne'er must quench the Thirst,

Lewis the Fourteenth is the most accurst.

Brandy PHILLIS.

I.

Phillis drinks Brandy all the Day,
 And when at Night to Bed she goes,
 Calls for her * Bean-cod to allay,
 The Fury of her Nose.

II.

The Morning comes, the Brandy's brought,
 The Flask knows no Repose;
 Come, *Phillis* cries, come t'other Draught,
 And a Pox take my Nose.

III.

Just as she spoke the Word, down falls
 The Beauty of her Face;
 Happy is she, who when she calls,
 Said I, can have what e'er she please.

* A Water distill'd from Bean-cods.

Military Poems, &c.

133

On the First of August.

WHEN Heroes fought, and Poets wrote in vain,
Their Country's Laws and Customs to main-
[tain,
The Hand of God descended from above;
To second those who do their Country love.
By an Act which none but Heav'n could do
He pers'd the Treason, and the Traytors too.
Rome then boast her Miracles no more,
For the future *England's* God adore,
Who twice upon the Brink to be undone,
Has freed us from the Father and the Son.

On a certain Occasion.

THE Government, in Clover fit,
Judges alike, of Worth, and Wit,
Leaves dangers to both, and therefore leave
The Care of them, to him that gave.

An

An Elegy on her late Majesty Q. ANNE.

HERE lies a Queen, who had she dy'd
With him, to whom she was a Bride;
And as they liv'd together here,
Had Hand in Hand descended there;
Eternity had been too short,
To sing the Glories of her Court.
And all the Musick of the Spheres
A Raven's Voice, compar'd with hers.
But since she, *Pompey* like, surviv'd
That Fame, to which she had arriv'd;
And by a most unhappy Peace,
Did all her former Acts deface,
Instead of saying that she reign'd
Twelve Years, as commonly is feign'd,
Let all who do her Name adore,
Give *Anna* eight, and *Harley* four;
Or else forbear to name her more.

Esbia mi prasente Viro, &c. Out of Catullus.

Esbia before her Husband, ridicules

What e'er I say, and calls me all the Fools,

Wit, or seeming Malice, can suggest,

ly the better to delude the Beast.

ich' he, poor Soul, imagining to be

Effects of her Aversion, unto me,

ughs 'till he splits himself again; ah Fool!

ou little think't whom she does ridicule:

d she been silent, *Mulus* all were well,

now the Stories which you hear her tell,

don't remember only, but what's more,

takes a Pleasure still to tell them o'er.

d of the many Horns she makes at me,

thinking Cuckold, points nine Parts to thee.

Ille mi par Deo videtur. Out of the same

I.

GREAT as a God he seems to me,
Greater, if ought can greater be,
Who gazing sits and looks on thee.

II.

And hears thee laugh, and sees thee play,
And how thou steal'st the Time away,
Turning of Night into the Day.

III.

For when I first beheld thy Face,
Thy lovely Motion, Air and Grace,
Blind me, if I *Catullus* was.

IV.

A sudden Trembling seiz'd my Voice,
My Ears, a little tingling Noise,
And double Darknefs clos'd my Eyes.

Thro

V.

ough all my Joints, a subtle Flame
like a little wandring Stream,
left me neither Sense, nor Name.

VI.

Ease, thou good *Catullus* shun,
don't too much delight in one,
Kings and Cities has undone.

Out of the same.

Y *Lesbia* vows by all that's good, tho' *Jove*
Himself, should come a Suppliant to her Love,
at *Catullus* sake, she would refuse
God, and scorn his Thunder for my Muse.
true she vows so, but what Women swear
the kind Fools, who with their Follies bear,
with the Stream, and varies with the Air.

Charles

Charles Bal--in ; or, *The black Jew of D*
lin's Speech amidst his Bags ; in blank Ver

TO these I daily bow, these are the Gods,
 To whom I do my Evening Song prefer,
 And with the Lark chant forth my early Matti
 They hear my Pray'rs, and in requital make
 Mankind treat me with the same Veneration,
 That all my Life-long I have paid to them.
 Praying me, late and early, to assign
 A farther Day, and like Imperial *Jove*,
 To stop the Thunder of my Executions.
 Whilst I, like him, unmov'd with what they sa
 Or strike, or spare, just as I see Occasion.
 'Tis true, the Rabble curse me as I pass,
 And paint me uglier than the Devil made me ;
 In Boghouses, with Burthens on my Back,
 And Hobnails in my clouted Shoon, devouring

ing Heirs and Orphans for my daily Food,
 botling Widow's Tears to wash 'em down with.
 at care I? what the foul-mouth'd Carrion utter;
 as I come down to my Country Seat,
 ich like *Narcissus* o'er the River hangs,
 mour'd with its Aspect in the Water.
 Turn among my Orange Buds, revives me,
 e than all their vile Breaths can mortifie.

*Friend, who told him that he ought to for-
 give the aforesaid Person, tho' he had cheated
 him in the Purchase of his Estate.*

Do not only forgive, but pray
 To God, that for the Publick good, he may;
 If that Rogue in *Abraham's* Bosom dwell,
 Man on Earth need fear the Gates of Hell.

*A Description of his Person, That all Hon
Men may avoid him.*

HIS Back o'erlooks his Head, his Head hangs
His Breast, for fear his Conscience should
And lest a Cranny should by chance appear,
To let in Light, and shew the Devil there,
A Hide, of that impenetrable Hew,
A Stranger would mistake him for a Jew:
Had not his Contempt of all Sabbaths, shewn
His daily Visitors, that He was none.
For which, and other most notorious Crimes,
(The sad Forerunners of unhappy Times)
A By-word to the Publick He became,
And Nurses still'd their Children with his Name
Prophetick Cry! for e'er the Babes were grown
The Rogue had made the Orphan's Land his own

See Alew

ing his Colonel with Seneca's *Morals* in one
Hand, and the Gold he sold a Company for,
in t'other.

I.

What Fools, as well as Knaves, are We,

When once we leave his Ways;

Whose Paths, are Paths of Equity,

And all their Purchase Praise.

II.

The only Book that He should shun,

Next that which We adore;

What the Fool has pitch'd upon,

To shew himself the more.

III.

Should *Xenxis*, or *Apelles*, strive

To draw a viler Piece;

They could not for their Souls contrive,

A lewder Scene than this.

O

Only

IV.

Only in *Peter's Days*, old *Rome*,
 Could somewhat near it boast;
 The famous *Simon Magus* come,
 To buy the Holy Ghost.

God's Revenge against Murther.

I.

TWO Plagues in Matrimony, they,
 Who speak the favourablest, say,
 The First yclipp'd the Wedding,
 And when the Priest has done his worst,
 And blest his Fools, or rather curst;
 The fatal one, the Bedding.

II.

But O! how must that poor Wretch shrug,
 Who every Night's condemn'd to hug,
 A Tun of such foul Stuff!

Shou

ould Coot, or Mountford from the dead,
life, and see these two in Bed,
They'd cry, Good Lord enough.

III.

ough good Lord, enough they'd cry,
any Sin be of that Die,
For Plagues like this to call?
ere every Hair we had a Life,
e Night in Bed with such a Wife,
Were Vengeance for them all.

IV.

hen how besotted, when, or why,
e this unnatural Noose did tye,
Let none inquire further;
nce sacred Scripture, every where,
ells us, how strange, and fearful are,
Gods Judgments against Murther.

The Sixth of August.

*To a Friend, complaining to him, of the Loss
his Mistress on that Day.*

THE Sixth of *August*, Polly died,
The Seventh, she should have been thy Bride
Had'st thou had Sense, the Sixth should be
A Feast for ever, unto thee;
And every Seventh a Fast, to shew,
What thou dost to thy Maker owe.
For should the Gods with like Success,
Their Friend, and humble Servant, bless;
Instead of whining every Year,
And dropping on her Grave a Tear;
I would the Day in Claret drown,
And add a Stone, to keep her down.
For Women here are laid for Snares,
To catch poor Mankind unawares;
And he who scapes them, ought to give
God Thanks, for suffering him to live.

Elegy on his Grace the D. of Marlborough,
occasion'd by a Report of his Death a little
before he came over.

WHEN Heroes die, the Poet's Task begins,
And one Man weeps for a whole Nation's Sins.

All that's said of somebody be true,

As well, if one Man's Tears alone will do.

The famous *Scipio*, at *Linternum* dy'd,

And dying, Not a Bone of me, he cry'd,

All my ingrate, my unjust Country have,

For a Pretence hereafter to my Grave.

And *Belisarius* begg'd from Door to Door,

The Half-peny for God sake, for the Poor,

The starving *Belisarius*, who not long

Since, was the Theme of every Virgin's Song.

Marlborough with no such Fortune met,

His Days were many, and his Deeds were great.

And tho' he serv'd his Queen and Country more
 Than ever any General did before.
 They suffer'd him (to their eternal Praise)
 In a Land far from Home, to end his Days,
 And by a prudent Foresight of his own,
 Fly the too much obliging of a Throne.

*On Mr. Steel's intended Retirement into Wales
 much about the same time.*

OVID to Pontus by his Prince was sent,
 For seeing more than was convenient.
 Whether 'twas *Julia's* Legs, or *Livia's* Tricks,
 Her dear *Tiberius* on the Throne to fix;
 Or whate'er else, deceitful Women use,
 To draw poor Men into some fatal Noose,
 Is by the Poets of his Age unsung,
 And all we have of't, comes from his own Tongue.

Then left the same Fault to our Charge be laid;
 That we have nothing of our Brother's said;
 These Lines we to Posterity commend,
 As the true Cause of parting with our Friend.

When first our Author in the World appear'd
 Temples and Altars to his Fame we rear'd;
 Temples and Altars, to the great Unknown,
 Whose Works so many Monsters had o'erthrown,
 And in less Time than *Hercules* kill'd two,
 Did a whole Land of *Hydra's* Heads subdue.

By him, the red-heel'd Fop ran down with Gore,
 Who had broke so many Ladies Hearts before.
 He cleft his Pate, and shew'd 'em wondrous plain,
 That nought but Snuff supply'd the place of Brain:
 And made them for the future, more discreet,
 Than for to chuse a Husband by his Feet.

By him, the wily Gamester was display'd,
 And all his Tricks by *Pacolet* betray'd:

'Till the poor black Dog broke his Heart with Grief
To think an Artift should be ftill'd a Thief.

The bloody Duellift his Rage resign'd,
When in his Mirror, he beheld his Mind.
And from the place appointed, came back more
A Man, than he went out a Brute before,

But above all, the long neglected Fair,
Who than *Agea's* Stables fouler were,
He in an Instant clean'd, to let them fee
That they had Souls to fave, as well as He.

Thefe, and a thoufand more, too long to name,
From favage Monfters, he reduc'd to tame:
But when, *Prometheus* like, he foar'd on high,
And taught the Riches as well as Poor, would lye,
Jove fent *Pandora* with her Box of Ails,
And left him in the Bottom, only *Wales*,

Socrate.

105
Socrates **T**riumphant;

O R,

The Danger of being Wise

I N A

Common-wealth of Fools.

— *Cadit & Ripheus, justissimus Unus*
Qui fuit in Terris, & servantissimus Equi. Vix.
— *Non alium moriturus quæro Magistrum.*

Printed in the YEAR 1716.

THE

OR

The Danger of being Wise

IN A

Common-wealth of Fools

By

Printed in the Year 1716

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THE PROLOGUE

THE

PROLOGUE

LONG Time has our unhappy Stage lain under
The Nation's Censure, and the Church's Thunder.
As if the Sins and Lewdness of the Times,
Proceeded all from our prophaner Rhimes.
Then, if the Truth religiously were known,
(For all's not Gospel that comes from the Gown)
You'd find the Stage corrupted by the Town.
And the true Cause, because you cannot relish
Good Plays, that we present you with such bellish.
To Day we bring a Hero to your View,
Who will the Truth of this Assertion shew.

A

The PROLOGUE.

*A Hero, you dread Bullies of the Town,
Who never had a Quarrel of his own;
And yet whene'er his Country claim'd his Aid,
The good old Man went out unprefs'd, unpaid;
But never ty'd a Napkin round his Head.*

*A nice Man, you fine scented things called Beaux
Who never spent a Moment on his Clothes:
Yet, O unheard of! took more Pains about
His Inside, than you all do of the Out.*

*A wise Man, Dames, who tho' he had a Wife,
Found out a Way to lead an easie Life;
And though she had a most outrageous Tongue,
Fancied when-e'er she scolded that she sung.*

Strange Power of Wisdom, Friends! Ah Nancy

Nancy, [Pointing to one in the upper Gallery]
What would your Husband give for such a Fancy?

*A Scholar, Priests, who question'd all He met,
Without Respect to either Rich or Great:*

*Attack'd a Statesman in the Market-place;
And if (as ten to one) He found him base,
Would call him Rogue and Rascal to his Face,
And never mince the matter for his Grace.*

The PROLOGUE.

At a great Lady in the open Streets,
She had ne'er defil'd her Husband's Sheets;
And if he found that she had stain'd her Honour,
Would cry *A Rat*, and set the Mob upon her.
Well, Heaven be prais'd, he lives not in our Age,
The Subversion both of State and Stage.
Should he in these Days come from the Grave,
Examine who were wise, and who were brave,
What a thin Pit should we poor Players have?
Ay, more, and Catechise the Ladies too,
The Stage might be a Church, and every Box a Pew.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Socrates, *A famous Philosopher, and Senator Athens.*

Crito,
Cebes,
Simmias, } *Philosophers, and Friends to Socrates.*
Plato,

Libanius, } *Two Priests of Apollo.*
Menedemus,

WOMEN:

Xantippe, *Wife to Socrates, a famous Scold.*

Anphillis, *Rival to Xantippe in the famous Science of the Tongue.*

A Court consisting of a President, several Judges, and Melitus, Anitus, and Lycon, as Witnesses.

Puzlecause, *Clerk of the Court.*

A Temple with its Priests and Votaries, and a God with all its Villains. A Spirit, Genius to Socrates. Several en Passant.



Socrates Triumphant.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, The Temple of *Apollo* in *Athens*.

Libanius, and *Menedemus*, Priests.

LIBANIUS.

A Fearful Night this same, pray Heaven the Morn,
Produce not somewhat answerable, to
Things so uncommon in the Course of
Nature.

As before a dreadful Storm, the Clouds,
veiling their Crystal Aspect, with a dark,
secret the Traveller 'tis time to house,
and screen him from the anger of the Skies:
these repeated Menaces of Heaven,
either sent to terrifie the Wicked,
or warn the Just from some approaching Evil.
Men. Just as the Sun withdrew him from the Earth,
(as conscious of the Villany to come,)
young Man shook an aged by the Beard;
and as the cross blue Lightning flash'd around him,

Do

Do Thou, he cry'd, bear Witness of the Deed;
As if the Gods had not beheld the Fact,
Or wanted Evidence to damn him for't.

Lib. And how escap'd the Arm?

Men. Untouch'd as thine is.

Lib. O *Menedemus*, 'tis such Things as these,
That make so many Scoffers at Religion.
Why stood the flaming Minister so nigh,
Wasting his idle Rage on Rocks and Trees,
And slip'd so fair an Opportunity,
To shew himself the Messenger of Heaven.

Men. Have Patience, and hear farther;
A knot of School Boys who observ'd the Deed,
And unto whom the good old Man was Tutor,
Pursu'd the Villain to *Minerva's* Shrine,
And at her Altar slew him.

Lib. Now Blessings on the Hand that smote him first
For if such Crimes as these may go unpunish'd,
Farewel all Rule and Order.

Men. Nor have these Signs alarm'd us only here
But for this Week past, all *Achaia* over,
The like unnatural Accidents have happen'd.
From *Eleusis*, they write, a Scream of Owls,
Pursu'd *Jove's* Sacred Bird into the Temple,
And from that Walk, where all their Wise-men met
Each bore away a Part.

Lib. 'Tis strange; and yet what comes from *Alopece*
Seems more incredible again than that.
For there a lean ill favour'd Ass's Colt,
Rose up, and in the Market-Place attack'd,
And bray'd an aged Lion unto Death.

Men. But that which comes the nearest us, and
Ought first of all to be inquir'd into. [therefo

that a vile Irruption of the Earth,
Or rather from Hell's dark and dismal Womb;
Should blast the Laurel on our great God's Head,
And do no other Mischief. [Variance.

Lib. Long time has Wit, and Dullness, been at
Which should obtain the Empire o'er Mankind;
When that, like a small Army, but a gallant;
Fought like *Miltiades* to win the Field,
And Wonders turn'd into Occurrences.

But Oh I fear, these Prodigies foretel
The Time's at Hand, when notwithstanding all,
The brave Resistance, the bright Queen has made,
Overpower'd by Multitudes, she must give way,
And Ignorance o'er-run this Land at last.

Men. In that still Hour, when all things are at
And *Morpheus* closes the pale Lovers Eye. [Rest,
When Tyrants fancy Daggers at their Breasts,
And Godlike Heroes chase them in their Sleep.
The raving *Pithia* in a Dream cry'd out,
Swell'd ten Times bigger than she us'd to be,
Help, help, the wisest of Mankind's beset,
And will, if not prevented, be destroy'd.

Lib. And so my *Menedemus* let him be,
For 'tis not Fools that *Pithia* is to fear,
But one of such a Character as this is.

Men. How, how, *Libanius* ?
'st possible, that ought that can but read,
And much less one so deeply skill'd as you are,
In all Wits wondrous and delightful Paths;
Should with a chief Professor so great Harm,
Or Learning such a Loss in general.

Lib. Have Patience, *Menedemus*, in your turn,
And hear me first, before you censure me.

Last Night a turning of *Cassandra* o'er,
(Whom next our Goddesses here, you know we worship)
I met this sad and fearful Prophecy.

When from a mortal Virgin and a Wife,
An infant God shall come to grace this Life,
Who shall the Sages of this World confute,
And prove all Earthy Wisdom but Dispute;
And tho' immortal must resign his Breath,
To rise again more glorious by his Death:
Then all the Oracles on Earth shall cease,
And *Pithia* to a greater God give Place.

Men. Ay, when he does indeed; but when does
This Son of Contradictions must be born? [*Rom.*

Lib. When *Rome* shall conquer *Greece*, and *Cae*
And those He conquer'd bring him to his Doom;
And those that brought him; by a Boy be slain,
Who o'er the vanquish'd Universe shall reign.
Then shall this come to pass.

Men. And until then, let *Pithia* Sier Tripod.
Greece we all know; but what is this same *Rome*,
That must subdue the Mistress of the World,
For sacred Wisdom, and all warlike Arts?
A distant Colony, but just begun,
Compos'd of Renegades who fled from Justice:
Fit Tools to conquer a wise Nation with.
Then as for this same *Hercules*, this *Cesar*,
The Son of blind Futurity, perhaps
The Product of a thousand Years to come,
Who must this kill-cow Nation over-run,
And be destroy'd at last, by those whom He
Preserv'd before. To punish whom a Boy,
Be-like the Son or Nephew of this *Cesar*,
Shall take these reverend Grey-beards by the Pole

For want of Hair, to hold them by the Chins,
And fouse them all in new Milk.

Lib. Such Fate have all her Prophecies; but see
The Sun appears, and we must to our Task.

A S O N G.

I.

Sound Trumpet sound, and let those generous Souls,
Who lingring here, disdain to wait
The slow Approaches of their Fate,
But boldly press, at once to know,
What 'tis they are to undergo.
Leave searching Entrails, and consulting Owls;
And to that famous Dame repair,
Who in a trice will let them know,
Whether they are to Hope, or Fear,
Or what else 'tis they have to do.

Enter the Chorus.

And to that famous Dame repair,
Who in a Trice will let them know,
Whether they are to Hope, or Fear,
Or what else 'tis they have to do.

Here the Gates of the Temple fly open, and *Pithia*
is seen sitting on her Tripod, under the Image of
Apollo, with a blasted Laurel on his Head. The
Priests face about on the opening of the Temple,
and pay their Devotions to *Apollo* and *Pithia*.

A S O N G.

I.

ALL hail! thou glorious God, to whom,
 The Scepters of the Earth repair;
 From distant Climes, to know their Doom,
 And the uncertain Chance of War.

All hail! and may Ambition still,
 The Minds of all her Princes fill.

C H O R U S.

All hail! and may Ambition still,
 The Minds of all her Princes fill.

II.

And thou, to whom the Love-sick Fair,
 In sad, but charming Notes reveals,
 What from her tender Mother's Ear,
 She as industriously conceals.

All hail! and may the God of Love,
 Each Day his Victories improve.

So one time or another, all
 Mankind, before your Shrine must fall;
 For never was that Mortal yet,
 But what would happy be, or great.

C H O R U S.

All hail! and may the God of Love,
 Each Day his Victories improve,

So one time or another, all
 Mankind, before your Shrine must fall;
 For never was that Mortal yet,
 But what would happy be, or great.

[Exeun

Ent

Enter
then
all inTyr.
Ser.Tyr.
And kr
Tell, I
I sha
Pit.Tho' fo
shalt th
out, oh
Tyr.Think't
Pit.Like m
shall o
Than e
for the
extendsTyr. I
A sixth
ill not b
Pit.The Wo
Tyr. C
accursedApo.
My Ma

Enter several Servants with Presents, who lay them upon the Altar; and after them a Tyrant all in Armour.

[draw.

Tyr. Set down the Presents first, and then with-

Ser. Your Word, you know, has always been a Law.

[Ex. Ser. bowing.

Tyr. Thou who, they say, seest Causes in the Womb,
And know'st by Inspiration what's to come,

Tell, I conjure thee, tell me e'er I go,

If I shall rule the vanquish'd World, or no.

Pit. Farther than any of thy mighty Race,

Tho' some of them were famous in their Days;

Shalt thou thy golden Victories extend,

But, oh! there, there, pray Heaven thy Life may end.

Tyr. What means the Hagg, abruptly thusto break?

Think'st thou I dare not hear, what thou dar'st speak?

Pit. Then know, audacious Gaul, a Heroine,

Like me inspir'd with a Power Divine;

Shall on thy Ruins build a nobler Name,

Than even the Foremost in the Books of Fame:

For they, like thee, for Empire fought, but she

Extends her Arms, to set her Conquests free. [thou'd,

Tyr. False Witch thou ly'st, tho' her great General

A sixth time die her Armies in my Blood,

I'll not believe't.

Pit. Then know it by this Sign,

The Woman that thou keep'st with, is not thine.

Tyr. Curst be the Tongue that told me so, but more

Accursed they, who do such Fiends adore. [Ex Tyr.

Enter an Apostate.

Apo. By wild Ambition, and vain Hopes allur'd,

My Maker for a Kingdom I abjur'd;

And now would know, how long I am to wear
The wicked Diadem, that cost so dear.

Pit. Of all th' Examples of Heav'n's Justice here
None shall so signal as thy Curse appear;
For thou (when Victor) shalt resign thy Crown,
And after court the Man that pull'd thee down.
And be depos'd, to shew its Wrath, the more,
By one of that Religion thou forswore [*Ex. Apo*

Enter a High Priest.

H. Priest. Bred in a Church, where Heav'n it se
is sold,

And Saints take Post according to their Gold,
Where Villany is canonis'd for Bags,
And Virtue hung in Chains, to shew her Rags,
I made my Master leave his Crown to those,
Who all his Life-time were his cruel Foes.
And disinheriting the lawful Heir,
Die like a wretched Sinner in Despair;
Then tell me *Pithia* what am I to hope.

Pit. What should so great a Villain, but a Rope.
Enter a Prime Minister with a white Staff in h
Hand.

P. Min. Three Kingdoms to their mortal Foe,
And made my Country a By-word for Gold. [*sol*
The gloriousst of Wars I caus'd to cease,
For the most vile, and infamousest Peace.
And now that Things are turn'd, would know of th
What Sort of Torments they design for me.

Pit. Like *Cain*, thou branded through the Wor
Mankind thy Enemies, tho' none thy Foe; [*thalt g*
'Till tii'd with the hated Light, thou pray,
For some kind Hand to free thee from the Day,
But not one found so merciful to slay. [*Ex. Mi*
Ent

Enter a Principal Secretary.

Sec. With him, who was before me here, I join'd
every Villany, that he design'd;
Till quarrelling about the chiefest Place,
We both in one Day fell into Disgrace. [*Sprung.*

Pit. From Treason, and from Murther thou art
is your Lordship's Birth-right to be hung. [*Ex. Sec.*

Enter a Scribler.

Scr. To the two last Knaves, I was made a Tool,
and did not write by Reason, but by Rule.
What-e'er they said I justify'd for Law,
and swore to what I neither heard nor saw.

Pit. The first Knave's Servant for his Master swung,
With yours, you'll have the Honour to be hung.

[*Exit Scribler.*

Enter Hermogenes a Fop.

Her. Great God of Wit, before thy Shrine I come,
To know a poor despairing Lover's Doom.

Half mad 'twixt Love and Folly every Day,
In different Garbs, in vain I do essay

The scornful Maid, for still the cruel Fair,
Cries nothing, but *Hermogenes* despair;

Despair *Hermogenes*; the Monkey cries;

But O! her Tongue sounds harsher than her Eyes.

Then, thou who know'st thy Sex's Temper best,
And see'st (what Man ne'er did) a Woman's Breast;

Tell me, if she, with whom I am now at Strife,
Will see her Faults, and sue to be my Wife.

Pit. So nearly Strife and Wedlock are allied,
Almost thought, that she had been thy Bride;

But go from me, and tell the haughty Maid,
You'll both e're long in the same Bed be laid.

Her. How well I knew the Gipsy but dissemble
[*Exit Hermogene*

Enter a young Woman with a big Belly.

Wom. A Rogue, dear *Pithia*, a Rogue in Red,
Promis'd me Marriage for my Maidenhead;
But hearing not from him, I come to you,
To know if he'll at last prove false, or true. [*Win*

Pit. Set round with Company, fresh Whores and
This Moment he's a telling his Design;
And how in vain you hope for his Return,
Who rather than he'd marry, swears he'd burn.

Wom. Oh, I'm undone, I'm undone, and shall be di-
grac'd for ever. [*Exit Woman*

Enter a Youth richly dress'd.

Youth. Sixty long Winters has my Father seen,
And I his only Child almost Sixteen :
My Grandfire dy'd before he came to Age,
And yet unnatural he still treads this Stage.

And will (unless some kind Chance intervène,
Woe's me, I fear) spin out the other Ten.
Then tell me Thou, who all Things canst reveal,
How long 'twill be e'er I shall Sign and Seal.

Pit. When Lawyers to their Clients shall return
Their Fees, and Maids for Love of old Men burn.
When Priests shall preach for Conscience, more than
And Court Preferments are not bought nor sold, [*Gold*
Then shalt thou Sign and Seal.

Youth. O I shall die, I shall die before my Father
And leave all the Woods a standing. [*Ex. Youth*

Enter a Mechanick.

Mec. Curst with a Whore, a Drunkard, and a Scold
Poor, airy, ugly, impudent and old:

After

ter such charming Qualities, I trow,
need not tell what 'tis I come to know.

Pit. Return, return, and e'er the Hour is o'er,
that shall stand still, that ne'er did so before.

Mec. O! my Wife's a dead a Woman; my Wife's
a dead Woman:

now it by her Silence. For in forty odd Years that I
as marry'd to her, she was never so but once before,
and then she was in an Apoplexy. [*Exit Mec.*

Enter Chærephon dress'd like an Officer:

Chæ. Thou, who some say *Dodona* dost excel,
and others damn again as low as Hell,
let us see you are what you pretend,
and scorn a base and mercenary End;
tell me not only if the Thing be so,
but who I am, and what I come to know.

Pit. If Soldiers of their Insides took more Care,
Learning oftner would adorn the War;
when *Chærephon* would be what he appears,
Scholar, dress'd up in a Soldiers Gears,
and not have come in this Disguise, to know
whether I am infallible or no.

Chæ. 'Tis true, my Person thou hast guess'd aright,
but hast mistook my Cause of coming quite.

Pit. Pardon me, Son, since first you came to know,
whether I was infallible or no.

that once premis'd, the next thing if you please,
there a wiser Man than *Socrates*?

then go from me, and say There's none more free,
more wise, more just, or innocent than he. [*Fame,*

Chæ. Thanks to the Goddess, and henceforth thy
where-e'er he goes, will *Chærephon* proclaim.

[*Exit Chærephon.*

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Parade before Socrates his House**Enter Crito, Cebes, Simmias, and Plato.*

Cri. **T**HIS now about the Hour he appointed,
 And much I wonder that he keeps it
 For certes, *Cebes*, this same plain good Man is
 So very nice, and tender of his Word,
 That he would rather wait whole Years for other
 Than they should stay Time's smallest Space for him.

Sim. Then let us wait before we censure him
 Lest rashly judging in an unknown Cause,
 We make our selves the Criminals indeed,
 And free the true Delinquent. And yet methinks
 By the Declension of yon glorious Ray,
 By which we measure out our scanty Days,
 It should be near the Hour.

Ceb. Twice has *Apollo's* Priest been on his Knee
 Thanks for his daily Offerings to return;
 And but just now the *Pyrancum* rung,
 To call the *Olympick* Victors Home, for Corn,
 To cheer their State-fed Steeds.

Sim. Then by the Concurrence of all these Signs
 The Man (and not the Hours) has been to blame.

Pla. Alas! my Friend, 'tis a Sign you know
 For if you had but half so well as we do,
 But half so oft the just Composure seen,
 How every Part links with a Similar,

all conspire to form a perfect Whole,
only *Crito*, *Cebes* here, and I,
Simmi too, would join with us, and cry
The Sun may err, but *Socrates* cannot.
Sim. Sure 'tis no Mortal Being that you speak of,
some Cœlestial, who, in Pity to
Mankind, has taken our frail Garb upon him.
Shew, that (if we please) even here we may,
be as immaculate as those above,
and antedate our Bliss.
Pla. No, Man, meer Man, just such as You and I are,
in this Sink of *Greece*, in *Athens*, where
the Wise Man's guern'd at, and the Fool caress'd,
only for want of Wit; lest seeing into
the manifold Corruptions of the State,
offer ought that may redress the same;
else reveal the Juggle. In *Athens*, where,
the good old Soldier, who has spent his Youth
in Wars, and's grown familiar with his Trade;
huff'd, to make room for the smooth-fac'd Page,
that tops my Lady's Woman. In *Athens*, where,
triumphant Vice does in her Chariot ride,
while Virtue runs a begging by her Side;
where Justice flies for Shelter to the Poor,
who, loath to incur the Anger of the Rich,
turn the impartial Baggage out of Doors,
if being found beneath their Roof, they suffer
the harbouring of a Traytor to the State.
And yet as wicked as this *Athens* is,
Athens, that ne'er produces ought that's mean,
[as the Country round about is fam'd for
the sweetest Honey, or the deadliest Poyson,
She (the Mistress of the Soil) produces

The

The best of Men, or most notorious Villains,
As wicked as She is, I say, could ne'er
Taint his pure Soul, even from his Infancy,
Through all the vain and slippery Paths of Youth
And the worse Follies of relapsing Age,
With Deed or Thought illicit.

Sim. But pray inform me,
Is that same Story of a Dæmon (who
Waits all his Motions wheresoe'er he goes,
And warns him still when any Danger's nigh)
True? or has Fame (that cunning Female) rais'd
The first Report; and to exert her Power,
At last for current past it?

Cri. Each Day, nay every Hour of his Life,
Some Sign peculiar of its Care has felt;
And we a thousand Instances could tell you.
But that we *Simias* for your Eyes reserve,
What your Ears scarce will credit.

Sim. But one Word more my Friend, and I have
To this belov'd of Heav'n, this more than Man, [do
What Altars have your Senators decreed?

Ceb. Alas! my Friend,
So far are they from raising Altars to him,
That we, who know the Man, have much ado
To keep him from their Rage. But hark! what Noise
Sure 'tis *Xantippe's* Voice, or I'm mistaken;
And therefore for our own sakes let's retire.

*Enter Xantippe, with her Hair about her Ears
and a Besome on her Shoulder.*

Soc. [From within] Nay, pray *Xantippe*.

Xan. Keep thee within Doors thou Slave thou, and
stir not over the Threshold, as thou tenderest
Welfare of the softest Part about thee. Keep t

I say, and fall immediately either to hewing of
wood, or drawing of Water, or I'll hew that Cox-
comb's Pate of thine, I will.

Soc. Nay good *Xantippe*.

Xan. Nay pray *Xantippe*, nay good *Xantippe*!
Now what a Rogue art thou to speak otherways than
I think'st, when thou know'st, and know'st full
well, that there has not pass'd a Day, since that un-
happy one in which we first met; wherein I have
either kimb'd those Locks, or claw'd those
locks of thine; and yet thou criest, Nay pray *Xan-
tippe*, nay good *Xantippe*; good Hell, good Fiend,
and Fury! keep thy good to thy self, and see what
will come on't in the Devil's Name; as for my
part, I am neither in love with Hemp, nor Hemlock,
that's all the good that ever I knew was to be
by it. There's my Neighbour *Anphillis* and her
wife, would do one good to see how like Man and
wife they liv'd, and how harmoniously they us'd
to chime one another into a Peal in a Morning.
You Rogue, and thou Whore, thou Dog, and thou
Whore, and then all the Neighbours came flocking
about them; crying well done like *Licon*, to him
and *Anphillis*, up with your Head *Licon*, piss out his
eyes *Anphillis*, and thus twice or thrice a Day, di-
rected themselves and the whole Parish; whilst I,
or I, if I have a mind at any time to exercise my
Ears and Lungs, which are almost spent for want of ex-
ercising, and in order hereunto begin with, Thou
sayest thou, must be answer'd with a Nay pray *Xan-
tippe*, nay good *Xantippe*, as if I were not worthy
to hold an Argument with my Husband. But since

Words

Words won't provoke thee, I'll try what Blows
do, I will thou Slave, I will.

[Here Xantippe chafes Socrates about, till he gives
her the slip and comes forth, which she perceives
throws a Basin of Water in his Face. [Ex.]

Soc. Thus after Thunder still, a gentle Rain
Falls to allay the Fervor of the Air;
And your dear Company, my Friends, the Calm
That must succeed this Storm.

Cri. But how is't possible, thou best of Men,
Unless thou wert the best as well as wisest;
That thou can'st bear with this outrageous Devil
And not return her Injuries sometimes?

Soc. But t'other Day a Hen flew in at Window
Keck'd, and made a greater Noise than this.
And when they went to turn her out by Force,
Broke all the little earthen Ware we had.

Ceb. But Woman, who by Nature is, or should
As capable of Reason as a Man,
I hope you will not with a Brute compare.

Soc. By Nature true they are, but O! vile Custom
And want of Education in their Youth,
Has made them little better.

Pla. But if 'twere nothing but that barbarous Nature
Free from the beastly Freedom of her Hands,
To one so studiously inclin'd as you are,
I strange how you away with't.

Soc. Believe me Friend, the Miller hears no Noise
Tho' his Wife's Tongue sounds louder than his Horse
And Custom, that has made her what you see her
Mix'd with a Dram of your Philosophy,
Has made her want of Wit as easie to me.

Cri. Behold here Socrates, the gentle Simmi

me all the way from *Thebes* to visit you,
and learn from you some of those mighty Truths,
which Time till now was not willing to discover.
oc. Welcome as Knowledge to the Wise-man's
Breast,
Health to him whom Sicknefs has distress'd,
the delight of *Thebes* to *Athens* Scorn.
and freely as yon Servant of th' All-high,
communicates his glorious Rays to all,
rearing us up after a long dark Night;
ould I the Secrets of my Soul reveal,
I knew ought were worthy the revealing.
im. Thou sent from Heaven, why stay'st thou
here with Fools,
(Pardon you few, who do the God admire,)
be by Ignorance thus vilely treated,
hen *Thebes* would gladly set ope all her Gates;
d if they prov'd, as sure they must, too small,
for such excessive Worth to enter at,
ere her harmonious Bulwarks to the Ground,
her great and sole *Palladium* to receive.
oc. Pardon me Friend, if I dare not accept of
your kind, as well as generous Offer, for
ere *Thebes* my native Soil, and *Athens* but
neighbouring Colony as *Thebes* is now:
ieve me, I should hold my self oblig'd
to leave the Godlike Race of *Hercules*,
and dwell with the vile Progeny of *Theseus*,
hoping of bringing them in Time, to be
as virtuous as their Neighbours. For O, my Friends,
that of calling us according to
the Place of our Nativity, is wrong.
The World's our Country, and that Part of it

That

That wants us most, the Home where we should
 'Till that, that call'd us thither, was redress'd,
 And so on to the next. For as we read,
 'Tis not the strong and healthy, but the sick,
 That stands in need of the Physician most.

Pla. But since you find your noblest Remedies,
 Not only not made use of, but your Person,
 Every Day more and more in Danger, from
 Their barbarous Plots, and black Contrivances.
 If you don't hold it lawful to withdraw,
 And wholly to absent you from the City,
 Forbear a while at least the publick Places,
 And try what that will do.

Soc. How! this from thee,
 My Silver-Tongue? who when this Head lies low
 (Perhaps a bloody Victim to its Tongue)
 I had design'd should take the Cudgels up,
 And ne'er give o'er the sacred Quarrel, 'till
 Thou either like thy aged Master fell,
 Or triumph'd o'er his Foes. And dost thou first
 Endeavour to dissuade me from pursuing
 A Cause, the Gods ordain'd me to espouse,
 And dying (with my last Breath) to assert.
 Trust me, not all the Troubles of my Life,
 Malice of Foes, nor Clamours of my Wife
 E'er came so near my Heart, as this Advice.
 Does not the young Man (Friends) who slew the o
 And watch'd the Evening to commit the Deed in
 Strut, and hold up his impious Head, as high,
 As if he had won the Field at *Marathon*,
 Or drove the thirty Tyrants out of *Athens*;
 When in Reality, the Villain ought,
 Strip'd naked, run the Gauntlet through Mankind

And made incapable of future Service;
And would you have me silent? Does not the General,
Who never yet saw Battle rang'd, nor heard
The Trumpet sound, unless in Merriment,
Look on his Fellow-Creatures, as he walks,
As if they were not worthy the beholding,
And he the only Gem of the Creation;
When she indeed can hardly shew a viler.
And would you have me silent? Nay has not he,
Who in his Prosperity foreswore the Gold,
His Master lent him in Adversity.
Run through a Catalogue of Crimes since that,
Enough to damn the Nation that forgave him,
And call Almighty Justice into Question.
And would you have me silent? No, my Friends;
As long as Merit at the Fore-dore waits,
And Interest's slyly at the Back slip'd in,
Or formal Fools for wise Men pass, and Knaves,
Would palm themselves for Patriots on their Country.
Accepting that which they condemn'd in others.
So long shall *Socrates* his Course pursue,
And maugre Hell and Malice, question all
He meets, and thinks has need of his Advice.
And that you may not hold me a vain Boaster,
Who says more than he dares; If you'll but please
To lead to the *Lyceum*, I'll convince you,
I dare more than I say—But see my Friends,
Athens won't suffer us to tarry long,
When Knaves and Fools are wanting.

Enter Melitus.

Well met *Melitus*; if thy Inside prove,
But half so gay and lovely as thy Out,
We would become the Ladies Rivals soon,

Q

And

And they, and we, for once admire the same.
Pray what Opinions hold you?

Mel. Why truly Doctor *Socrates*, I hold,
That the Hat nicely press'd beneath the Arm,
The Sword directly with the Elbow's Point,
The Hands thus in the Wasteband of the Breeches,
A single Roll, a red Top, and a high Heel,
Are all essentially necessary,
To form a compleat Gentleman.

Soc. A compleat Fop, you mean? [*Angrily*]
I ask thee not of this vile outward Stuff,
Which rais'd from Dust, must unto Dust return,
And mingle with that Clay, which it disdain'd
Even now to tread on. But of that noble Part,
Which of coelestial Origin, and Frame,
Must unto all Eternity remain
A blessed Angel, or a curst Fiend,
According unto its Behaviour here:
How fares it with the inward?

Mel. That's my Physician's Business, and not mine
But if at any time I get a small Cold,
By shifting me, or leaving off a Ring,
I straitways to our Friend *Samgarthos* send,
Who by his easie Medicines, and much more
His charming Conversation, raises me.
And to the *Belle Monde*, once again restores me,
Or rather them in me.

But if by Chance (as sometimes it will happen)
I over-heat myself o'er Night with *Chios*,
Next Morn, to bring me to my former Temper,
My Maid gives me a Clyster.

Soc. Pugh! Is the Man distracted?
I tell thee once again, 'tis not of that

File Stuff, which Beasts enjoy in common with us;
 Out of thy Soul, thy precious Soul, that must
 Pay dearly one Day for thy Follies here,
 Unless with Tears wash'd clean; that I enquire.

Mel. Talk you of washing, Doctor *Socrates*?

Yes, May, as to that my very Rivals will,
 Before our common Mistresses, confess,
 That I surpass them all. And if I told you,
 My Landress (who was once of Quality,
 And on that Score I'm sometimes civil to her)
 Makes use of Ambergreece, instead of Soap,
 You scarcely would believe me.

Soc. Still more and more intollerable.

'Tis not thy Linnen, but thy Soul, thy Soul,
 The Mover of this Clod, that I enquire of.

Mel. O! Is't my Soul you mean?

The last Thing upon Earth I should have thought on:
 'Tis now four Hours, three Minutes, and two Seconds
 Since last I parted with that Wanderer.

Know you the Daughter of the rich *Adrastus*:

'Tis she can give the best account of it;

But tell her, if she cherish not the Jewel,

And give it the right Hand in her own Breast,

Will the wanton Fugitive recal,

And place it where Queens shall.

Soc. Thou stupider than old *Deucalion's* Brood,

Had the Cast backwards never alter'd them;

Tell me, I charge thee instantly, who made thee;

Or to what End dost think thou wert intended?

Mel. Let him that made me tell thee, for I know not;

But this I know, that since I came to Town,

Four Weekly Bills are mightily encreas'd,

And that no longer than the last, Despair,

Had out-done both the Small-Pox and Consumption
 But to demonstrate how loath I am,
 The poor dear Rogues should die like Dogs thus for me
 And save the State the Pains of a Decree,
 This Moment I'll withdraw me.

Soc. No, hold, not so, for e'er we part, you and I
 Must have some farther Talk about this Matter.
 Suppose then (my gay Friend) at your Request
 The Gods should grant some Part of you immortal
 And cloathing on't in the same Garb with theirs,
 Make as much of it, as it were their own:
 Pray which Part would you chuse?

Mel. The whole, the whole, dear *Socrates*, if possible
 Not the least Part of me, but what should be
 Bright and immortal as the Looks of *Jove*,
 Were but *Melitus* for to have his Wish.
 But since the Gods, in Envy to the whole,
 Will but that one small Part of me remain
 To copy by, when-e'er they would excell, [Maid
 This Leg, this barbarous Leg, that has slain more
 Than all the Conquerors of the Earth have Men.
 Should be the Sample that I would preserve,
 Were all the rest to perish.

Soc. My God, may I give Credit to my Eyes,
 Or is this all Delusion?

Mel. You may indeed, good *Socrates*, you may
 Pure Flesh and Blood, without the Help of Art,
 Or false Calves to deceive you.

Soc. But why the Leg, Fool, above all the rest

Mel. Because we Beau's have no Regard to an
 But as the Ladies set a Value on them. [thing
 And if they should admire our Backsides,

As much as they do both our Legs and Feet,
You in a very little time would see.

Our Back-sides hung with Points. [faking]

Soc. Now my good Friend, what think you of
A Land, o'er-run with such vile Trash as this is.

[Melitus sneaks off.]

Sim. Sad Trash indeed.

Soc. And yet with those (that swallow without
This passes for a celebrated Wit, [chewing])
And only yields in point of Time to *Homer*.

But if you please to lead where we were going,
I'll shew you Monsters of a larger Size:

Monsters! which *Africk's* self would blush to own,
And yet our *Greece* like *Nile* bows down to them.

[Exit Cri. Ceb. Sim. and Plato.]

Enter Dæmon invisible.

Dem. Socrates, my Charge, my Darling.

Soc. What says my lovely Guardian?

Dem. Take the By-way that leads to the *Lyceum*,
Tho' farthest about, thou'lt find it nearest Home.

Soc. O how unluckily this happens now,
Had I gone formost, as henceforth I will,
My Friends, as well as I, had scap'd the Danger.

Dem. Call thy Friends back, if they are not gone
too far,

But if they are, don't follow. [Ex. Socrates.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Lyceum.**Enter the High Priest,*

Pri. I'M not only a Burthen to the Earth, but the Earth is become likewise a Burthen unto me; and yet as burthensom as 'tis, I care not for parting with it, so much stronger than Faith is Demonstration. Had the famous Mathematician who boasted he could remove this Earth, if he had but another to fix his Engine on, seen me, he had fallen from Speculation to Practice, and shewn the World what it already is but too sensible of; to wit, That nothing but a Priest is able to subvert it. When I look o'er my Shoulder, and see my Shadow in the Sun, I fancy 'tis my Church a following me, to see what are become of her Tythes. And tho', to say true, they were enow at first to puzzle Arithmetick, I have not left her where-withall to employ Substraction. So that methinks I look like some prodigal elder Brother, who having sold all but the Mansion House, was looking out for a Customer for that also. O Habit! Habit! vile Habit! thou art worse than the first Transgression Time was, when a Shoulder of Mutton and a couple of Capons would have gone near to have staid this Stomach of mine till Dinner: But now, alas! they are no more to me, than an Orphan is in the Mouth

of the Law, or a Presentation in that of the Church, no sooner swallow'd than digested. No longer than Yesterday, an honest Butcher, (who stole about a hundred and fifty Head of Cattle in the Neighbourhood) made a Present of one to *Ceres* to hold her Tongue, and I inverted the Order of Sacrifice, for the Guts and Garbage I gave the Goddess, and eat up the Carcass my self. And to shew that the Horns do not always go along with the Hide, I sold the latter to a Tanner, and the former I gave to one of my Parishioners. But see where the only Person in the World (whom I would have avoided) comes, and who, like my Conscience at the last Day, will be heard whether I will or not. I'll attack him first, to see if that will make him quit me the sooner.

All hail to him whom *Pithia* has declar'd,
At once the wisest, and the best of Men!
A Case of Conscience, and a Coach and Six,
Have brought me all the Way from *Eleusis*,
A broiling in my mortal Foe the Sun,
To be resolv'd by thee.

Soc. A greater Honour than the Oracle's,
Is this same Visit that your Highness makes me,
Since, if the most renowned Man in *Greece*,
For sacred Wisdom, and all other Learning,
Come unto me to have his Doubts resolv'd,
It will confirm what t'other but reported.
Pray what is't that disturbs you?

Pri. A Rogue, another *Cacus*, who deserves,
A viler Death than what the former suffer'd.
And who, within this Week or two, has stole
As many Oxen in the Neighbourhood;
Sent *Ceres* one, whilst I was on my Knees,

Begging the Goddess to avert her Wrath,
And grant at last an open Trade with *Chios*.

Soc. And how have you dispos'd on't?

Pri. Griev'd to the Soul, to think a Villain had
Offer'd my Goddess an Affront so barefac'd;
I rose, and seising on an impious Horn,
Prostern'd him streight; then striding o'er the Carcass
From Ear to Ear display'd th' unhallow'd Throat,
Letting the black Blood forth upon the Earth,
As not worth the preserving.

Soc. And so, or burn'd, or gave the Poor the Carcass

Pri. O! no, not so, not so, my Friend, nor either
For having once touch'd consecrated Ground,
Our Laws forbid the Laiety should taste it;
But with Submission to your better Judgment,
More *a propo'* dispos'd on't.

Soc. Why that may be, I own; but pray how was it?

Pri. Considering with my self how dangerous,
Such Precedents may be, if once admitted,
And let her Highness see how odious
All such ill-gotten Offerings should be to her,
I gave the Guts and Garbage to her Holiness;
And for the Reasons I but now assign'd you,
My self eat up the Carcass.

Soc. And now art come to ask me my Advice,
What next you must do with it.

Pri. No, no, d'you see, not so much for Advice,
As for to know, from your all-seeing Wisdom,
Whether I han't been even with the Rascal.

Soc. Then know, thou Tun of vile Hypocrisy,
Thou Prodigy of Sin as well as Beastliness,
Whose Table is thy Altar, and thy Belly
The only God, thou sacrificest to,

That

That were it not for the Almighty's Mercy,
This single Fact of thine, would be enough,
To send thee to the bottomless Abyſs,
And ſink thee lower than the Wretch, who diſh'd
The Son up to the Father's Board; for He,
Revenge and equal Injuries might plead,
If any Injury can be a Plea,
For Deed ſo damned and unnatural:
But thou, whoſe Life (devoted to the Skies)
Should be but one continued Act of Prayer,
And bright Example to this fooliſh World,
Who, judging of your Doctrines by your Lives,
Think all you ſay as idle as your Practice;
For You, I ſay, for to partake with Thieves,
And offer up the Booty of the Night,
Where nought but what's immaculate ſhould come,
Truſt me 'tis vile, 'tis wondrous vile, and merits
Worſe Penance far than you inflict on others.

Pri. I'll ſteal off whiſt I am well, leſt he grow
warm, and beat me. [*Ex. Pri.*]

*Enter Anphillis with a Bundle of Papers, follow'd
by a Page.*

Anp. Step to my Brother *Puzzlecauſe*, and deſire
him to ſend me the Will, that he put my Husband's
Hand to after his Death; and take this bottom of a
Letter with his Name to it, and let him draw a
Bond over it, to bear the Sheriff harmleſs. He knows
what I mean. [*Ex. Page.*]

Soc. A Will, and ſign'd after the Party's Death,
And a Bond to be forg'd! why ſure the Devil,
Finding his Work not well done by his Agents,
Come himſelf in Perſon upon Earth,
And Thou the firſt he enter'd.

Anp.

Anp. Stand off, Friend, and don't think to use joyntur'd Widow, a Lady of a Manour, and so Executrix to her Husband's last Will and Testament as you did my Lady's Woman; I'll have my Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* against you, and my Brother *Puzlecause* shall carry it on, without costing me a Farthing, and then see who'll hold it out the longest.

Soc. Come, come, vile Woman, Not all thy empty, and thy ill-got Titles, Shall frighten me from speaking of the Truth, And shewing thee an Inside uglier far, If possible, than the Out.

Anp. You shew me my Inside, you shew me my Backside; you may sooner do one than the other, defy you, and all the Men in *Athens*, put you all together. O thou bloody Carnival thou! Would'st thou rip up the Belly of a Woman, and shew her Conscience to Mankind, to make her more odious than she is already? whereas, in these Days of Backsliding, and preposterous Venereals, when the only Thing that we were valu'd for, is become vile, and common, if thou hadst any Grace in thee, thou would'st endeavour to hide our Enormities, if we have any, and not to go about to expose our Conformities to the Eye of the World thus —

Enter Xantippe.

Xan. Come home, thou Slave, come Home, and leave off washing of Blackmoors white; hast thou no more Sense than to lie preaching to a Woman? Come home, I say, or I shall thin those Locks of thine worse than either Age, or Adversity.

Anp.

Anp. Besides, if you were a Gentleman, and a Man of Manners——

Xan. So ho! Who have we got here, a reading a Lecture out of the *Megarians*, to my Pupil without my leave. O! Madam *Anphillis* is it you? I have heard indeed much of the Fame of the Volubility of your Tongue, but could never have the Happiness before of experimenting, whether Matter of Fact, was consentaneous to the Report of the Caliver. [*To Socrates*] Slave, stand thou there, and as thou dread'st the Vibration of this Pendulum, [*pointing to her Tongue*] stir not from the place thou art in, till it shall appear to the World, which of us two is the abler Orator. And now, Madam, (if I may be so bold to ask you) how came you to take upon you to lecture my Husband without my leave?

Anp. Tell not me of you, nor your Husband neither; if you would not have your Baboon lash'd, you must keep him within Doors, and let him play his Tricks there. As for my part, truly I think it beneath me to trouble my Head about either him or you.

Xan. Either him or me, Mrs. Impudence! I would have you to know, that the worst of my Generation, was better than the best of either of yours. My Father was an honest Man, and a Citizen, paid Scot and Lot to the Parish, run through all Degrees, from Scavenger to Churchwarden; and got more by collecting the Poors Money in one Year, than would maintain his Family seven.

Anp. And my Father was a Soldier, and scorn'd to pay any one; and was so far from going about
to

to collect Money, that he forc'd the People to bring it in, whether they would or not.

Xan. And so having got his Living by burning the Country, the Justice of Heaven has left the Mark in his Daughter's Face.

Anp. My Face is as the Gods made it, and you are a wicked Woman, and no better than you should be, so you are not, to find fault with the Work of Heaven; had your Tongue been no worse, the Parish had not been so often in a Flame as it has.

Xan. I married a Man in the Prime of his Years and one who (till he unhappily set up for a Wit) stood as fair for Preferment in the State, as any he in *Athens*, let the other be who he will. But all the World knows, and the Neighbours can tell, you arrested a Corps, as it was carrying to the Grave and forc'd the Parson to marry you.

Anp. 'Tis false, he liv'd with me above six Weeks and that's long enough of Conscience, for a Woman to be troubl'd with one Man.

Xan. Ay for such an insatiable Devil as you are but there's a Man that has lasted me these fifty Years and is not a Pin the worse for the wearing.

Anp. Unless in his hearing.

Xan. Thou Digger of Graves up.

Anp. Thou Plague to the Living.

Xan. Thou Dread of the Dead.

Anp. Thou Terrour to Husbands.

Xan. Thou Shame of all Wives.

Anp. No more a Shame than your self, and had the best of you liv'd as long without a Man as I did you had done the same, or worse.

[Weeping]

Xan.

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Xan. Victoria, Victoria, Victoria, She cries, she cries, she cries.

Anp. Tho' I cannot Scold, perhaps I may pull a Quoif as well as you. [Here they fight, and after a Turn or two, part themselves.

Xan. And you like a Sot, to stand by and see your Wife engag'd, and never offer to come to her Assistance.

Anp. Nay, if it had not been for him, we had not quarrell'd; and since he had not the good Manners to part us, 'tis but just we should both fall upon him.

Xan. A Match, and since the Beast belongs to me, 'tis but reasonable I should have the first Stroke.

[Ex. Xan. and Anp. driving out Socrates, who turns again immediately.

Soc. In Battel, Plague and Famine, I have stood Unmov'd, and ne'er could be prevail'd upon To quit the Post, that Fate or Chance assign'd me: But when two Women fall upon one Man, By Jove, even Hercules himself need not Be asham'd to turn his Back.

Enter Crito, Cebes, Simmias and Plato, all cover'd with Dirt.

Cri. Behold here Socrates, in what Condition Your Friends are in, who han't the Happiness To be as well belov'd by Heaven as you? But let me tell you Friend, that had We been, We should not have permitted Socrates, To have gone away uncaution'd of his Danger.

Soc. Witness thou God who warn'd me, that as As e'er I was advertis'd of't my self, [soon follow'd hard, in hopes to over-take you, Being licens'd by my Angel so to do.

But

But being gone beyond the Bounds assign'd me;
I dar'd not venture farther.

Ceb. Just as we turn'd the Corner of the Street,
A Herd of Swine, as if the Devil drove them,
I'th' very Sink, and Nuisance of the City,
O'er-run us in less time, than I have been telling,
And left us in the Pickle that you see us.

Soc. Trust me, I'm sorry for the Accident;
But since there's no great Damage done, I'll take ye
To a Friend's House of mine, who dwells hard by
Where while you cleanse your selves, I'll entertain
With an Adventure, much more comical, [you
Than yours was sad, even by your own Confession
And how two Ladies fell upon a Knight,
And drove him from his Post.

Enter Dæmon above.

Dam. Socrates.

Soc. What says my Guide Coelestial?

Dam. My Morning's, and my Evening's Charge
And go not to the War with *Nicias*, [beware
And bid thy Friend *Timarchus* have a Care,
And fly the Name, as he would Shame and Sorrow
Crito, *Cebes*, *Simmias* and *Plato*, missing *Socrates*
come tumbling in after him.

Cri. What says it *Socrates*, more Swine, more

Ceb. More Dirt, more Danger? [Devils

Sim. I'll secure one at least, I am resolv'd.

Pla. And I another.

Soc. Let us try this Way,
'Tis but a little Compass, and it brings us
Unto the Place I told you of,

Dam

Dem. Stop, stop, or endless Torments are my
Wicked *Anphillis* waits thee in the Gate, [Portion,
thy Counsel with a Dagger to requite.

Soc. Then let us see, whither this Road will car-
ry all the Paths I tread, are not beset. [ry us.

Enter Melitus, Anytus, Lycon, and Officers.

Off. Socrates, We arrest you of High-Treason,
in the Names of all the Commons of *Athens*.

Soc. For what pray Gentlemen, for to my Know-
ledge, never wrong'd one Man in all my Life, [ledge,
and much less whole Societies at once.

Sim. Now by the Gods, unhand him, or I'll teach
you to prize Virtue, wheresoe'er you meet it, [you,
and pay it the Respect that's due to it.

Soc. Hold my good Friend, and let not your Con-
science for me, transport you to an unjust Action. [cern

Sim. Once more I say unhand him, or by all
That's good, I'll let the boldest of ye see,

What Miracles Philosophy can do,
and how five honest Men, when once provok'd,
can drive five thousand Slaves.

Soc. Nay, then 'tis time for me to declare;
stand off, or by those very Powers you swore by,
The Man that offers to resist the Law,

Or hurt a Hair of any that's employ'd in't,
shall feel the weight of this; and now let's see
That Army, that dare face the Law and me.

[*Ex. Socrates.*

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Judgment-Hall.*

A Court sitting, and Socrates at the Bar, Lycon at the Pulpit.

Lyc. **G**entlemen, I'm of Counsel for the State and for that Reason am bound to say as I can against the Prisoner at the Bar, whether he deserves it or not. But Gentlemen, were there no Interest, no self Preservation, no Prospect of Preferment in the Case, here's an Indictment of that heinous, that villainous and that felonious Nature against him, that the most unbiass'd, nay ignorant among you could not forbear opening on so fertile a Subject.

i Mob. Nay then, it must speak for it self, or may chance to be nonsuited.

Lyc. The first Thing then Gentlemen, of which he stands accus'd is, of an Endeavour (for Heav'n has prais'd it never went any farther) of an Endeavour I say, to corrupt and debauch the Youth of this our most renowned Metropolis, and that (tremble O *Athenians*) by teaching them Morality with the Piety, and Conscience in their Dealings. Morality I say, with their Piety, and Conscience in the Dealings. When all the World knows the only Use that ever any City made of her Piety, was to hide the want of Morality; and as for Conscience in your Dealings, Gentlemen, he might have as well advise you to put Arsnick in your Drink, Arsnick in your

Drink

Drink, Gentlemen, and all the same, the one being as destructive of the Body politick, as the other is of the natural.

2 *Mob.* Right, for I never took but one Dose on't, and it had like to have made me brought up all that ever I swallow'd in my Life.

Lyc. Now, Gentlemen, in order to this devilish Design of his, forbear being in a Rage, O ye *Athenians*, if ye can.

3 *Mob.* Yes, yes, we can be in a Rage if we please, some of your Houses know it, and as civil as other People, when we are forc'd to it.

Lyc. That the Love of Mony is the Root of all Evil.

Omn. A Traitor, a Traitor, a Traitor.

Lyc. A Position so wicked, so damnable in it self, Gentlemen, that should it take Root in the Minds of our Youth (as they are but too too apt to receive ill Impressions) what would the next Age do for Treasurers, Colonels, Agents and Pay-Masters; Nay, what indeed, for Generals themselves? Who would be at the Trouble of burning whole Countries, and raising Contributions, of putting nine Parts out of ten into ones Pocket, and applying the Remainder to the good of the Publick; if Mony were such a Bugbear as this Madman would make it. What would become of your Secretaries, and your Admiralties, your Trade and your Prize Offices, if the chief Hinge on which they turn, and by which they rise to such vast Estates in so short a Time, were taken away or held unlawful; nay, what would become of the Priesthood? What would become of Religion? Who would take upon them the Care of so

R

many

many Souls, and mind none; or be oblig'd to declaim against the Sin of his Bosom, if a Coach and Six were not preferable to beating on the Hoof, and three Meals a Day, with twelve Dishes each, to the Cragg End of a Neck of Mutton, hung by a Twine, and turn'd by a Finger. So that I hope, Gentlemen, I need say no more to prove how destructive this Position of his would be to all manner of Degrees and Societies of Men among us.

1 *Mob.* No, no, you have said enough to this; if you say as much to the rest, he shall sup with me if he pleases.

Lyc. Now, Gentlemen, to let you see how fair and candid I'll be in this Matter; and how far from that Virulence that is commonly objected against us.—

2 *Mob.* A good Man, I warrant him; 'tis a thousand Pities that ever he was bred to so wicked a Profession.

Lyc. His next Assertion, *viz.* That Matrimony is a Hell upon Earth; being a Moot Case, and not decided as yet by the Learned, I shall lay no greater a Stress on the Thing than it will bear; only give me leave to observe, that 'tis not quite so bad as he makes it; there being a Possibility of Redemption from the one, but none from the other.

3 *Mob.* Why truly, I'm of Master Council's Opinion, and think we can't lawfully condemn him upon this Head, without hiding our own.

Lyc. But alas, Gentlemen! what that wanted in Weight, he was resolved this should not; it being not only the Essence, but the very Quintessence of Treason; and that is (Have Patience O ye Rulers)

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that all Preferment in the State, is the High-Road to the Devil.

1 *Mob.* So that I, who am Constable, or Midnight Magistrate (as they call me) am like to have a fine Time on't; and both here and hereafter be condemn'd to utter Darkness. He shall have my black Bean for that, I'm resolv'd. [*Aside.*]

Lyc. Now Gentlemen, for the better understanding of this Matter; I shall be oblig'd to lay before you, what the Law calls a Path, and what a High-way. *Syndorides*, Book the 5th, Chap. 12, tells you; That a Path is a straight or narrow Way that leadeth from one Village to another, and where (formerly) only Persons of the first Rank and Quality were allowed to walk. So that the worst, the worst, I say, that Malice could have made of it, was, that it was a near Way, or a short Cut to Damnation. Whereas we all know, that a high or broad Way (as some call it) it that where Generals and whole Armies march Bag and Baggage, with one Gown before to shew them the Way, and the other a crowding after, to cheat them of their Debentures. And thus Gentlemen, I hope I have shewn you, who they are that take a short Cut, and who, that go the High-Road to the Devil.

2 *Mob.* By *Pluto*, he speaks as feelingly of the Place, as if he had newly come from thence.

Lyc. The next thing, Gentlemen, of which he stands accus'd, or the second Article in the Indictment, is, that he can turn Right into Wrong, and Wrong into Right, to the Ruin of the Gentlemen of the long Robe, and monopolizing the Practice of several eminent Lawyers, in and about this City, who

have no other visible Way of getting their Bread. And now, Gentlemen, I appeal to you, whether any thing upon Earth can be harder, than that an Upstart, a meer Novice, as I may say, in the Law, should by the Partiality of a puny Devil, attain to that in a Moment, which so many grave and learned Gentlemen, have serv'd the grand one so long for.

3 *Mob.* 'Tis our own Case, and therefore we shall take it into our more immediate Consideration.

Lyc. As for the third, to wit that they are no Gods which the City holds to be Gods; it being no Business of ours, whether they are or are not; it being much better for us of the long Robe, that there should be no Gods, than any, I shan't trouble myself more about them, only give me Leave, by Way of Recapitulation, to observe unto you the Villany of the whole Design, and how at once he would have blown up all Manner of Degrees of Men among us. The Priesthood, by denying those to be Gods, whom they are paid for worshipping; the Law, by discovering its Practices; and your Worshipps, by preaching up Conscience in your Dealings.

[*Lyc* descends.

Pre. Swear *Melitus*, the City Bard there.

Puz. By the Cries of your Bookseller, and the Curses of your Reader; the Stall your Books stand on, and the Blockheads that buy them; You shall swear the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth; so help you *Jove*, and kiss the Book.

Mel. Musing one Morning by a purling Stream.

Pre. Pugh! pugh! What does this jingling Fellow mean? here Goaler, shew the City Bard the Dungeon;

Dungeon; and if he has a Mind to rhyme there, let him.

Mel. Hold, hold, my Lord, and for once I'll try to speak, so as to be understood, tho' not to make a Practice on't, for fear of disoblighing our Friends in the City. Walking one Morning in the *Lyceum*, and discoursing with the Prisoner at the Bar, about the properest Method for instructing of Youth; he told me that Piety and Morality were the two first Things that ought to be infus'd into them; Nay, as for Piety, *Socrates*, said I, I challenge all *Athens* to shew the Fellows of them; their Fathers being for the most part Citizens, and their Mothers stale Chambermaids, but as for Morality, I must confess, that not only they and theirs, but even their Master himself is an utter Stranger to it. Whereupon (looking sternly upon me, as who should say, are you a Professor, and know not these Things) He told me, that Morality was doing as we would be done by, speaking of Truth, tho' never so disadvantageous, and not only speaking it our selves, but reproving all others that deviated in the least from it. So pleas'd with the Novelty of the Fancy, I fell immediately to inculcate it into the Minds of my Youth, and they (for the same Reason I believe) as greedily receiv'd it. But alas! my Lord, it was not long before I paid dearly for my new Doctrine. For some eminent Citizens coming soon after to me for Prentices, and the Boys not being able to endure the lying of their Masters, without reproving them, bred such an Uproar in the City, that the first Time they laid hold of me, they carted me from one End to the other.

Pre. Alas, poor *Melitus*. Swear *Anytus*.

Puz. As you hope for your Sons to be Syco-phants, and your Daughters Court Ladies; that the Sins of the Children may keep their Parents in their old Age, as theirs did them in their Youth, you shall swear the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, so help you *Jove*, and kiss the Book.

Any. Alas! my Lord, the Oath I have taken is void; I have no Sons to swear by.

Pre. How, how, no Sons, my Friend! What are become of those two hopeful Youths, that went to School to him?

Any. Two such I had my Lord, and two such my Lord (though I say it that should not) as would make e'er a Father in all *Asia* proud of them, tho' he were almost sure they were none of his own. O! my Lord, by that time they were nine Years of Age, they would so multiply in their Accounts, and subtract in their Payments, there's not a Colonel in the Army, but what would have given their Weight in Gold for them.

Pre. And what is become of them now?

Any. O transform'd, my Lord, so transform'd my Lord, they are no more alike the persons they were before they went to him, than a Bully on his Death-Bed, is to a Bully in a Bawdy House; for having provided a rich Heirefs for one of them, when I came to talk to them about the blessed State; they open'd, I warrant you, as if they had been seven Years marry'd.

Pre. And pray what said they?

Any.

Ans. Oh, my Lord, the one said, he was not weary of his Life; and the other, that he could comb his Locks himself.

Pre. Nay, nay, if he teaches Servants to correct their Masters, and Children to be wiser than their Parents, 'tis high Time to part with him. What say you to your corrupting of Youth, for thereby, I find, is like to hang the Thread of your Destinie.

Soc. [*Ascending the Pulpit*] Among so many living Evidence,

Not one to appear before the old Man's Face,
And shew wherein he has corrupted him;
Is somewhat hard, *Athenians*, and what
You do not usually deny to Men,
Much more indebted to the Laws than I am,
Among so many Hundreds, as must needs,
In such a large and populous State as *Athens*,
From Time to Time, have been my Auditors;
Shew me but one, one single one of mine,
Who having his free Liberty to chuse,
What Calling or Profession he'd be of,
E'er made the Law his Choice— And having made it,
Betray'd the Orphan to the unjust Guardian,
Or grudg'd to plead the poor Man's Cause for nothing.
Wherein then, Friends, have I corrupted them?
Among so many Thousands, as must needs,
In such a learn'd and pious State as *Athens*,
Have to *Minerva* their Addresses made,
And woo'd her in her several Faculties;
Shew me, *Athenians*, shew me but one Priest
Of mine, and I'll submit— Who having put
His Hand to th' Plow, e'er drew it back again;

Or scandaliz'd the Doctrine he profess'd,
 Wherein then, Friends, have I corrupted them?
 Among so many Millions, as must needs,
 In such a brave and warlike State as *Athens*,
 Have made the military Art their Study,
 And grac'd my Lectures with their manly Presence;
 Among so many, shew me but one Colonel,
 And I'll subscribe, whate'er *Melitus* swears.
 Who, having sent his Regiment Abroad,
 E'er staid at Home himself, and much less sold
 The Price of Blood in Peace.
 If then, in three such Callings, you can't shew me
 One Auditor of mine, who has disgrac'd,
 And with base Bribes made odious his Profession,
 Why bring you my grey Hairs unto this Trouble?
 Or if you can, why do you not produce them?

Enter Xantippe.

Xan. [*Ascending*] Hear, O ye *Athenians*, and
 give Ear O ye Senatorians, and suffer me to ascend
 in Shew, that I may descend in Substance; and le-
 vel, if it be possible, the Basis of my Discourse, with
 the Superficies of your Understandings: Hear, O ye
Athenians.

1 *Mo.* Hear her, hear her, hear the Woman, for
 she speaks the most learned of them all.

Xan. Hear me, hear me, for my Parents sake; my
 Father was one of you, kept a dark Shop, and a
 darker Conscience; and would swear to his Book,
 tho' he knew not a Syllable that was in it.

2 *Mo.* We own her, we own her, we own her;
 we know the Beast by her Marks.

Xan.

Xan. Here's *Lisias* and I, He shall find Sense, and
I find Words, and we'll challenge all the Orators
of *Athens*.

Mo. Hear her, hear her, hear the Woman.

Xan. Come on then *Melitus*; thou, who wast
first a Pedant, afterwards a Potheary, and art now
a Poet. O the Devil shifts Poets, when *Melitus*
comes up for one; come on, I say, and tell me what
faults thou find'st with that Pupil of mine, who, if
ever he had any, stands corrected and amended of
them, through the indefatigable Care and Industry
of me, his Sovereign Lady and Mistress, and the mul-
titude of Lectures, which from time to time I have
read him, as the Curtains of our Bed can most abun-
dantly testify.

Mel. For corrupting the Youth of *Athens*.

Xan. For corrupting the Devil in Hell, is it not?
Their Fathers have been Rogues by Prescription, and
their Mothers Whores by Permission, ever since the
first Rape of *Helen* by *Theseus*, and thou talk'st of
debauching the Children. Bastards! begot in Lust,
conceiv'd in Shame, and born to Infamy. Why don't
you tax him with debauching the Stews, poisoning
the common Shores, or blowing the Shambles? Cor-
rupt *Athens*! bribe Lawyers, puff up Priests, and
outswear Soldiers.

Jud. Come, come Mistress, if you have any
thing to say in defence of your Husband, the Law
allows you to speak; but we must not suffer you to
run down the States Evidence thus.

Xan. O! General *Stay-at-home*, are you there?
With what Impudence dare you, who always avoid-
ed

ed Action, pretend to judge a Man, who has done those famous Exploits that my Husband has? (To *Socrates*) O! Mum Chance, that was hang'd for saying of nothing, why don't you ask him, Where were you, you Slave! when I was at the Battle of *Delium*, laying about me, as if the Fate of all Greece depended on this single Arm? Breaking of Windows, scouring the Watch! or frightening the Ladies at the Play-House. O, Treason! Treason! Treason! A Conspiracy, a Conspiracy, between the Evidence, and the Prisoner at the Bar; and they falsely accuse, and he tamely submits, hoping by Death to get rid of Matrimony; but you, Gentlemen of the Jury, who are married Men your selves (and consequently know what it is) won't let him (I hope) compound so easily, at a small Dose of Hemlock, for a large Draught of Wedlock; for if there be such Encouragement given to Separation, we shall have all the Husbands in the Nation hang themselves, hoping by Death to get rid of Matrimony.

2 *Jud.* Nay, if the fall foul of us who are his Judges, we had e'en as good throw up our Commissions.

Xan. O, Admiral *Save-all*! like to like, as the Devil said to the Collier; such a General, and such an Admiral, sure never was one poor Nation plagu'd with; more Sail, more Sail, clap on more Sail, the *Persians* are almost as many as we are, and yet your Wife must be call'd her Ladyship, her Ladyship, at every Word; whilst I (whose Husband won the Battles of *Potidea*, *Delium*, and *Amphipolis*) must be only plain *Xanty*, *Xanty*, to the end

of the Chapter. (To *Socrates*) O thou Slave thou, were there nothing else against thee, but thy depriving me of my Share of the Victories, thou hadst deserv'd to die the worst of Deaths. Hadst thou done either me or thy self Justice, I had had my Blacks, and my Bays, and my Duns, and my Greys, and my Parks, and my Palaces, with a Hey, ho, *Xan-* thy has not her fellow. Whereas now I am forc'd to trampouse it on' Foot, slip, flop, one Shoe up and another down, my Stockings out at Heels, and Clothes at Elbows, and my Petticoats ready to drop off my Br-- for want of Hips to support them. And all along of thee, thou Traytor to the Marriage Bed. *I Jud.* But why did not you advise him better?

Xan. Smoke, smoke the Senator, that asks the Wife, why she did not advise her Husband. O! we are like to have rare Laws, when such Henpecks as you, have the making of them; what would you have me advis'd him, how to card, or how to spin, or whether the Eggs ought to be put in before the Water boil, or after? And yet, had he follow'd my Advice, (as simple as you take me to be) perhaps it had gone better with him. For one Day, as we were sitting both together, he on a Block in the Chimney Corner, and I in my two Elbow Chair, *Socrates*, (said I to him) what is this Thing call'd Damnation, that you should be more afraid of it than others? All the rest of the World, seem to me, not only to court and hunt after it, but to pray for it also, as if it were some great Good or Happiness! Damn me, says the High Priest, if I bate them a Farthing of their Dues! Damn

Damn me, says the Judge, if I hear a Cause of e'er a Widow or Orphan of them all, unless they pay me my Fees; and damn me, says the General, if they don't send me in their Contributions by such a Day, but I'll send those among them, shall make them wiser they had. Now, said I, are you learneded than the High Priest, wiser than the Judge, or sharper than the General? Whereas, if one do but speak the least Syllable to you about it, you fly immediately into a Passion, and cry, you'll not be damn'd for this Thing, nor that Thing, nor t'other Thing, and you can't so much as bear the Thoughts of it, so you can't. Upon which, *Socrates* said I, to my Knowledge, you can bear Hunger and Thirst; and Heat and Cold, and Frost, and Snow, as well as e'er a Judge or General of them all; nay, you can bear with me, nay, you can bear with Matrimony, which all the wise Men upon Earth, hold to be worse than Damnation, and yet you can't bear Damnation. And thus I argued with him, after the Manner of Women, but all that I could say signified no more to him than speaking to a Colonel without shaking him by the Hand; or appealing to a Tribunal for Justice without prepossessing them with your Cause.

Pre. Come, come Mistress, Tribunals are Things sacred, and must not be reflected on at this Rate.

Xan. O Patience protect me, sacred! and thou sit on one. Why thou Sink of Corruption, thou Vehicle of Injustice, thou Tyrant to poor Men, and Slave to the rich; how dar'st thou talk of Reflections, when thy sitting on one, is the greatest that could befall them. O we have had a rare Time on't since

you

you sat at the Helm : *Alcibiades* governs *Athens*,
you govern *Alcibiades*, and your Whore governs
you. O Potheary, Potheary, thy Spouse has un-
done more than thy Drugs has——O Thieves,
Thieves, Thieves, rise, rise ye *Athenians*, the
Thieves are on the Bench, and the Judge at the Bar,
and Justice is asham'd to shew her Face, for fear of
being branded.

2 *Jud.* Nay, nay, if you Courtiers are treated
thus, we City Magistrates are like to have a fine
time on't.

Xan. Horns, Horns, Cuckolds have Horns, why
thou Magistrate without Brains, thou Judge with-
out Law, and thou Soldier without a Heart; what
need'st thou have told us thou wast a Magistrate,
when thy Antlers sufficiently proclaim it; down,
down with your Legs for shame, and don't think
you are sitting on your Shopboard now, you Prick-
pouffe Slave you. Ten a penny Cucumbers, ten a
penny, ten a penny Cu, Cu, Cu. [*They come
behind, and muffle her, and as they carry her off,
she naps her Fingers at him.*]

Pre. Count the Beans.

Puz. Cast by ten, *Socrates* you have put your
self for Tryal on your Country, which Country has
found you guilty; but because your Crimes (tho'
great) are not of that heinous Nature, 'as to leave
room for Mercy. The Law allows you to redeem
your self by a Fine; say then what you are willing
to give, whilst the Judges are here, to see if they
will approve on't

Pla.

Pla. Pray *Socrates*, for our Sakes propose
A Ransom, and oblige us with your Life. (for)

Cri. Offer what Sum you please, and I'll be bound.

Soc. No, not one single Drachma; for if neither
Potidaea, *Delium*, nor *Amphipolis*,

My General rescu'd, nor my Friend preserv'd;

Nor a long Life of willful Poverty,

Are not of more than Weight sufficient,

To ballance the vile Oaths of such loose Swearers

Death (were there no Hopes of a future State,

And much more such a glorious one, as we have)

Were to be wish'd for, rather than Eternity,

On such base Terms as these. No *Athens*, no

Squeeze-Agents, Treasurers, and Paymasters,

Rogues, that like Mushrooms spring up in a Night

And like them too, ought to be crop'd next Morning

And not the Man, who looks upon this World,

But as a Stage that leads him to a better.

Then see ye Rulers of this World, the Hands,

Whose Shoulders wore a Gown these fifty Years,

And never knew what Bribe was—Then hear the

Tongue,

That since it could distinguish Right from Wrong,

Or knew the Sin of speaking an Untruth,

Ne'er told a wilful Lie. Why hang you down

Your Heads, *Athenians*, at my honest Tale,

When there remains a greater? Behold the Man,

who has

Fought several Battels in his Country's Cause,

Yet never had a Quarrel of his own.

If then there be among you, one who has

A Mind that's less addicted to Revenge,

A clearer Conscience, or a cleaner Palm;

Let him pronounce my Sentence.

Pre. Brother, Brother, my Palm is not quite so clean, as I could wish it were upon this Occasion; and therefore I must desire you to do it for me.

1 Jud. Really Brother, my Crimes are so many, and so fresh, that I have not had time enough to digest them my self, and much less they to whom they have been offer'd. And therefore I must beg your pardon.

Pre. General *Stay-at-home*, you have had your Hands in many an innocent Man's Blood, pray oblige the Court, and add this to the rest of the Number.

1 Jud. What you say, my Lord, is too true, but 'tis my Misfortune to be so exactly the Reverse of the Prisoner, that is to say, I have had so many Quarrels of my own, and not one in my Country's Cause, that without the utmost Effrontery I cannot.

3 Jud. My Lords, my Lords, what do we keep this Villain *Puzzlecause* for, but to do those things, that we are asham'd of?

Puz. Socrates, the Sentence of this Court is, that you return to the Place from whence you came, and there end your Days, by drinking a Draught of Poison.

Soc. Well my good Friends (for still you shall be so, in spite of the Injustice you have done me)

you go from hence to Life, and I to Death,

two Names that make a mighty Noise on Earth,

and seem as different as East and West,

let Heaven alone can tell, which of the two is best.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Prison.*

Socrates in Irons, sitting on his little Bed, and Xantippe with a young Child in her Arms, on a Stool by him.

Soc. **H**EAR me *Xantippe*, for the time draws near
When *Athens*, and her Senate have decreed,

That these grey Hairs, which one would think
should need

No Art, nor Force to mellow them for the Grave
Must be cut off before they fall; and therefore

Give Ear unto the dying Words of one,

Who living, was so far from offering ill

Advice to any, that here in Chains he lies,

Condemn'd to suffer for the Contrary.

Let not your Tongue—

Xan. My Tongue! My Tongue! the Devil's
my Tongue I think, what harm has my Tongue
done more than another's? that it should be always
thrown in my Teeth thus? Had your Tongue done
you no more Harm, than mine has me, you had had
all your Faculties at liberty as well as I have, and
not been chain'd like a Monkey thus to the Bed-post.
When would you have catch'd me (I wonder) at
visiting, or transforming any one, or thrusting my
(as we say) into other Peoples Fires; no, the Devils
should have them, and all that belongs to them,

fore I would run my Neck into a Halter for the best of them. Could not you have sav'd your self (and be damn'd to you) and me, and your little Child here that does not want it; and all the rest of our Friends and Relations, but you must force People contrary to their Inclinations to be happy, when you know there are some in the World, who would rather go to Hell with Company they lik'd, than to Heaven with those they do not. [*the Child cries*] Hussa-by-Baby, Kings and Princes, Dukes, and Bastards, Lulla-by-Baby, Cakes and Custards, Lawyers, Lyars, Priests and Pageants, Rogues of Colonels, and Knaves of Agents.

Enter the Eleven with the Goaler.

1 *Ele.* Knock off his Fetters first, in order to the putting off that Flesh, which soon must follow.

Soc. Had not I put this Flesh off, long before came into your dismal Territories; might have worn it, till it dropt to Rags, and not have come to you to help me off with it.

2 *Ele.* Still the old Man I see, full of your Parables, and Paradoxes.

[*Ex. Eleven and Goaler.*]

Enter Crito, Cebes, Simmias, and Plato.

Cri. How fares it with our Friend?

Soc. As with the Tiercel on the Falconer's Fist, which only waits the pulling off his Hood, to beat his Native Air.

S

Xan.

Xan. [*Howling*] Oh, Oh, Oh,
Had he taken my Advice;
And let them all gone to the Devil,
He never had come to this.

Soc. Prithce dear *Crito*, take that Creature hence,
And bear her where her Cries may not disturb us.

[*Ex. Cri. Xan.*]

Well Friends, what think you of our last Discourse,
How all, (who truly are Philosophers)
Will when Death comes, not only not avoid him,
But with extended Arms run out to meet him.

Geb. 'Tis what we long to hear.

Rediit Crito.

Soc. But first let us see what *Crito* here would have,
Who seems to have something new t' impart unto us.

Cri. Nothing, but he, who is to give the Poyson,
Desires you will not chafe your self too much,
By speaking, lest thereby you be oblig'd,
To drink it more than once.

Soc. Health, and Thanks to him, for his kind
And bid him to be sure to bruise enough, (*Advice*,
That rather than let slip in idle Silence,
One Moment of that precious Time, allow'd us,
We may not only twice or thrice repeat it,
But ten times if Occasion.

Cri. But he tells me, the State allows but so much
And if you will have more, that you must pay for't

Soc. Hard Times my Friends,
When a Man can't die free-cost here in *Athens*.

Then

Then give him this, and let him buy enough.

[*Ex. Criso.*]

But to what more concerns us.

Does not a true Philosopher, whilst here,
Retire as much as may be from the Body;
And as from an Adulteress, foul and vile,
Whome'er brings ought but Shame and Ruin with her,
Divorce himself as far as possible,
Lest drawn in by her Blandishments again,
He with *Alcides*, curse (when 'tis too late)
The Shirt that sticks too close.

Ceb. Most true, he does so.

Soc. And would you have him, when his Letters
And the good Priest stands ready to pronounce (come,
The joyful Sentence of depart for ever,
From Bed and Board, thou Scandal to both;
Upbraid the Judge for granting of his Suit,
Or curse the Court, (for what they are seldom
guilty of)

Dispatching of his Cause.

Ceb. But what avails all this?

If the Soul don't at last survive the Body,
To be rewarded for its Pains hereafter.

Soc. Ay, if it don't indeed, but if I prove
It does, what then will my *Cadmeans* say?

Sim. That no more Arguments shall rise against you.

Soc. Then let us see if we can conquer this
Last Head of *Hydra*, as we have the rest.
And prove the Soul is naturally immortal;
All Things are most conversant about that,
To which their Natures most incline them too;
But the Soul's Thoughts run all upon Eternity.

Therefore the Soul it self must be immortal.

Ceb. 'Tis true, indeed, they do so.

Soc. Again,

That, that is pure, can never be dissolv'd;

But the Soul is the purest of all Essences;

Therefore the Soul can never be dissolv'd.

Ceb. But we deny its Purity.

Soc. That, that ne'er changes, certainly is pure;

But the Soul is incapable of Change;

Therefore the Soul must certainly be pure.

Sim. But we deny that 'tis incapable.

Soc. Then Gentlemen, behold here Demonstration:

Seventy long Winters has this Carcass seen,

And bears the Flaw of every Year about it;

But my Soul's still as vigorous as ever:

And, trust me, could this Body but keep up with it,

Athens would find it much more difficult,

To part these two old Friends, than she imagins.

Enter Crito, Xenophon, Apollodorus, and Critobulus.

Cri. Haste, haste, my Friends; let's off with these long Robes,

And snatch the happy Moment, whilst it offers.

The Prison is our own, and they, who should

Have watch'd it better, drunk, or dead asleep.

Horses are laid from hence to *Megara*,

And every thing prepar'd for an Escape,

That Heart it self can wish.

Apo. Hold, *Crito*, hold, or we shall ruin all;
We have forgot the Executioner.

Cri.

Cri. Alas! poor Soul, he's more concern'd than
we are;

And all alone in his dark Dungeon sits,
Wishing the present Sun may never set,
Or if Omnipotence will so decree it,
The next may never rise.

Soc. But what is all this for?

Cri. For your Escape.

Soc. For my Escape! from whence?

Cri. O Patience, Heaven, is this a Time to ask,
When we might have been half ways on our Journey!
Why, from this Den of Murtherers, and Thieves,
From *Athens*; barbarous, inhuman *Arbens*;
Who plucks up honest Men, to give her Knaves
More room to burnish in. And will within
This Moment (if not speedily prevented)
Rob us of you; and (what is worse, if possible)
Set up the curst *Melitus* in your stead.

Soc. O *Hercules*!

By how much harder is it to be just,
Than to repeat thy Labours ten times over,
Nor do I wonder now, why, among so many
Hero's, as *Greece* has in her Time produc'd,
But one aspir'd to that glorious Title.

Cri. But where is the Injustice, if pursu'd
By Rogues, and brought before a Pack of Fools;
Who know not how to judge, 'twixt Right and Wrong;
I take the first Occasion to withdraw,
'Till I can meet with more sufficient Heads,
To throw my self upon.

Soc. Right, had we done so first,
The Thing (tho' little) might have been justified.

But now, that I have been not only taken,
 And brought before a lawful Magistrate;
 And by that Magistrate, committed to
 The place, appointed for all Criminals.
 There to remain, till by due Law acquitted;
 But by that Law found guilty, and condemn'd
 To no less Punishment than Death it self,
 Trust me, were every Hair I have, a Life;
 And every Life oblig'd to undergo,
 The utmost Tortures *Athens* can inflict,
 I would not stir one single Step from hence,
 Until that very Power, that sent me here,
 Or a superior, thought fit to free me.

Cri. 'Tis true, had you been guilty, you ought not,
 Nor should we be (perhaps) so earnest with you:
 But since you are altogether innocent, [you,
 Of what they charge you with; pardon me, if I tell
 This Perseverance of yours, looks more like
 That Crime, which you, but now, condemn'd in others,
 Than either Fortitude or Piety:

Soc. How, *Crito*! not Self-Murder?

Cri. Trust me, it does; and I believe most here
 Hold with me in Opinion. [love,

Pla. Pardon me, Thou, (whom more than Life I
 And whose Fame's dearer to me, than thy Person)
 If I must side with him in this, and tho'
 I will not give it quite so harsh a Name,
 It looks, as you were weary of the World,
 And long'd for some kind Hand to help you to
 That, which (for Shame's sake) you'll not reach
 your self.

Soc. To what unhappy Terms, am I reduc'd,

Who

Who either must do ill to please my Friends,
Or die the worst of Deaths in their Opinion.
But sink Earth, fall Skies, Friend and Foe unite,
And all Mankind conspire against me only,
Rather than let me do, what once I think so.

Cri. But if you, for your own sake, won't retire,
Behold all these, who suppliant on their Knees,
Humbly intreat you not to leave their Youth
(Like callow Birds, before their Wings are grown)
A Prey to all that pass.

Xen. Father.

Ceb. Brother.

Sim. Friend.

Soc. In vain you ask, what Justice won't allow.

Xen. [*Rising*] Nay then,

Since neither Pray'rs, nor Arguments can move you,
I'll try, for once, what Gratitude will do.
Upon thy Back, thou bore me once from Death,
And now I'll try to pay thee, if I can.

Soc. Help, help, within there, ho!

Your Goal's a breaking, and your Prisoner 'scaping,
Help, help, within there, ho! [*Getting from him.*
Unhand me, or by this good Arm, that drove
Shoals of thy Foes from carrying off thy Body,
When thou lay'st drown'd in thy own Gore at *Desium*;
I shall repent me of my former Kindness,
And take the Life I sav'd. What, would you force
My old Age to an Act, you can't persuade it?

Ceb. Forgive them, *Socrates*; their extream Grief,
For parting with so dear a Friend, as you have been,
And Prospect of the many Maladies,
They needs must undergo, when you are gone,

Has made the young Men guilty of this Violence,
And pluck'd this Rudeness from them.

Soc. They are rash, and know not what it is they ask,
Nor what they would be at. For grant I had
Complied with their Desires, and left all these
Poor Creatures here, to suffer in my stead,
(As they would certainly, had I escap'd)
Besides the Sin, and foulness of the Fact,
What will their Wives and Children say hereafter,
When they behold you in the Market place,
Exhorting or correcting of the People.
But cry, Beware of the lewd Hypocrites,
Who preach indeed Obedience to the Laws;
But when they find themselves the least intrench'd on,
Sound to Rebellion strait, and break through all
The Laws of God and Man, to free themselves.
Not caring what, nor whom it is they leave,
To perish in their room.

Ceb. 'Tis true, indeed, they would so.

Soc. Nay more, had they look'd backwards, they
had found,
That one Man's bravely suffering in a Cause,
Gains it more Profelytes, than the Tongues of Thou-
sands,
Who, when they come to seal it with their Blood,
Basely recant their Doctrine.

Enter the Executioner.

Exe. Pardon, thou best (but most abus'd) of Men,
If I, according to my Duty, come
To tell you, that 'tis Time to drink the Poison.

Not

Not that I fear those Injuries from you,
Which I receive from some in your Condition,
Who curse and damn me for my Office sake,
And spurn me, when I come to do my Duty.
But because I'm convinc'd you suffer wrongfully,
And tho', I know, I but obey the Laws,
In doing what I am commanded to,
Fancy my self as guilty of your Murther
As they, who lately swore so false against you.
Then spare! oh spare! these aged Eyes a Sight
Which soon would bring their Body to the Grave;
And let some other, of a sterner Nature,
Bring here the deadly Draught.

Soc. Why, *Crito*, let it be. Now my young
Tutors [Ex. Exe.

What think you of the Justice of your Council?
Trust me, were all the Torments of the Wicked,
To be inflicted on this single Head,
Grey as it is, it should support them all,
Rather than this just Soul should undergo,
The smallest Inconvenience for my sake.
Uncall'd, he came to know if I had ought
To do; and flew when e'er he found I had.
Told me, he heard my Tryal from the first,
And wondred how that Ignorance could be
So blind, as not to be able, to distinguish,
Between the little Cavils of my Foes,
And the Integrity of my Responses.

Pla. 'Tis much, indeed, in one of his Profession.

Soc. And therefore, *Plato*, whensoever thou seest
A good Man, tho' in Rags, despise him not,
Nor court a Courtier for his Office sake;

But

But cherish Virtue wherefoe'er thou find'st it.

Enter a second Executioner with the Poyson.

Well, my good Friends, ten Thousand Thanks for all
The Favours you this Day have shewn unto me;
And may that God (that glories to reward
In Publick, what he sees done thus in private)
Repay with Interest, what you've so kindly lent me.
'Till when, take this last Council of a Friend,
More worth than all the World, he leaves behind
him,

Let Justice be the Scope of all your Actions.

Cri. But why in so much Haste, to leave us thus?
The Sun shines still upon the Mountains Tops,
And several (I am told) who have gone this Way,
Have untill late at Night, delay'd their drinking,
In hopes that some kind Accident or other,
May make the old Proverb good, and as we say,
Fall between Cup and Lip.

Soc. And what have they got by it, but to leave
The Character behind, of being afraid of,
They know not what, nor whom.

Well, honest Friend, for you are vers'd in these Things,
What remains to be done, when we have drank it?

2 Exe. Only to take a Turn or two, until
You find a Numbness steal upon your Limbs,
And then lye down and die.

Soc. This to our good Deliverance [*Spilling some*
and Oh

Thou mighty Power that sway'st this World alone
And need'st no Conjurors in thy Throne,

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A Fav

Who gave me a lov'd Angel at my Birth,
 To guide me through this Labyrinth of Earth;
 Continue still thy Favours to thy Slave;
 And tho' thou doom'st my Body to the Grave,
 Let not my nobler Part its Dross partake,
 But save thy Servant for thy Mercies Sake,
 And grant my Transmigration hence to thee,
 May be as welcome as thy Laws to me.

*[Whilst Socrates drinks the Poison, the rest throw
 their Gowns before their Faces to hide their Tears;
 but being no longer able to suppress them, Apol-
 lodorus first, and then the rest break out into all
 Manner of Cries and Lamentations.]*

Apo. O Curse, curse, curse on this barbarous City,
 May Damps instead of Dews salute thy Morn,
 To usher Famine with more State at Noon;
 And if there be a Wretch that has wherewith
 To put him off until the Evening come,
 Him may the Plague, just in that Minute seize,
 So as to leave it dubious to the World,
 Which of the two he fell by.

Soc. For Shame, my Friends, what do ye?
 Was't not for this I sent the Woman hence,
 Left by her Folly, or her Fear overcome,
 She shou'd disturb these our blest Nuptials, worse
 Than those we had with her.

Crito, and Plato, lend me each a Shoulder,
 To help to bear the old Man to his Grave;
 And as you find my Voice, and Strength do fail me,
 Give Way with me, until at last you lay
 This Carcass in her Lap, from whence we had it.
 A Favour, I have to request of each,

Which

Which since they are like to be my last, I hope
You readily will grant.

Ambo. Upon our Knees, we promise you we will.

Soc. First then, young Man, whatever you have
heard,

At this, or any Time, deliver'd by us,
Touching the Immortality of the Soul,
We will that you forthwith commit to Writing;
Together with the Story of this Day,
To serve Posterity as a Light to guide them
To those blest Regions, where I now am going,
'Till Heav'n shall think fit to reveal a brighter.

Pla. Most faithfully I will.

Soc. Crito, I beg of you to tell my Sons,
When grown to Man's Estate, that here I charge
them,

On Pain of Disobedience to their Father,
And as they'll answer it on High hereafter,
Not to think of revenging of my Death,
But to forgive all those that have a Hand in't,
As freely as I do; and as I now
Beg Heav'n to do the same.

[*Soc. dies*

i Mob. [from without.] A Pardon, a Pardon, a Pardon
stop, stop the Poison there, and give it the Executioner
and let him take it, and bottle it up to save Charges,
for here are two prime Ministers a coming. But if
there be any one there who has a Mind to it, the
State will afford them a Pennyworth, but let not the
Prisoner have it by any Means; for here's a great
Ambassadie come from the Town, with the long
Name to it, to desire his Company for some Time
for the better Destruction of their Children; and

the Senate being aſham'd of what they have done, have granted him his Pardon, and order'd all thoſe who have had a Hand his Death, to be put to the Torture; ſo do you make ready the Engines, while we go in ſearch of the Murtherers.

Enter the firſt Executioner.

1 *Exe.* That Task is mine, and Heav'n thou know'ſt how grateful.

2. *Exe.* There's old *Telltroth* there, ſhe that has made thouſands groan in her Time, but was never once heard to ſqueak her ſelf. She'll make a Miſer tell where his Bags lye, and a Traitor, who are his Accomplices, better than e'er a Senate in all *Aſia*.

Enter the Mob with Melytus, Anytus, Lycon, and Anphillis.

Mel. O ſpare me, ſpare me, 'till I make an end of my Queen.

1 *Mob.* No, no, you Rogue, we have had too much of your royal Family already, your King and your Prince have murthered ſo many, they have left your Queen none to Reign over.

Mel. O *Helicon*! and thou biforck'd *Parnaffus*.

2 *Mob.* Gag him, gag him, or he'll fall a repeating, and torture us worſe than we poſſibly can him?

1 *Mob.* Gag them, gag them all, 'till I come in to my proper Throne, the Market-Place, the better

ter to reserve their Cries, to delight the Ears of my good Liege People the Rabble.

Anp. O dear Gentlemen, I have one Request to you before I die; do what you please with the rest of my Body, but pray let my Tongue have its Liberty.

Enter Ambassadors, with Trumpets sounding mournfully before them.

1 Amb. Where is the Prisoner?

Cri. There lyes his Body.

1 Amb. All hail, ye sacred Reliques of the best Of all Incarnates, who e'er grac'd this Life, And suffer those who came from far, to pay Their best Respects, to your unparalell'd Virtues, To turn their unfeign'd Praises, into Pray'rs, And dead adore, what they admir'd living. Say then, some one of you, who had the Happiness To hear his last Words, how the Hero dy'd.

Pla. Great as he liv'd, if possible, and greater; For when we would have had him fled from hence, And shew'd him how we had provided all Things, That Guilt it self, could wish for an Escape; He did not only reject our Offer, But when by Force we would have born him with us,

Fought us with as much Eagerness, as if We had been his mortal Foes, and they his Friends. 'Till by main Strength, o'er-pow'ring us at last, Here he return'd to suffer.

2 Amb.

2 *Amb.* Good Gods! what is it that a Soul so arm'd
Could not accomplish.

1 *Amb.* Ye reverend Sages, who, by your pale Looks,
Seem to have been Partakers of his Death;
Take up the Body, and in State convey it
Unto the place of Burial with his Fathers.
And let these Monsters (whom the State has given us)
Suffer what Death you please upon his Tomb.

O *Athens*! once the Envy of the World,
For all a wise State would be envied for;
How art thou fallen, in a few Years, from
That Pinnacle of Glory, when thou left'st
The Land; and chose that Enemy to Repose
The Sea, to dwell in, rather than submit
To ought unworthy of your former Honours.
In vain does *Greece* thy Preparations dread,
Who, like the vilest of all Murtherers,
Unnatural! turn'st thy Arms against thy self,
And madly sheath'st thy Sword in thy own Bowels,
Nor need the Learned any other Sign,
To know the End of any State draws nigh,
Than when she dooms her noblest Sons to die.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

F I N I S.

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